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Fleet Street's moral pygmies

How Thatcher cheats the disablec

Can Peres save Israel from itself?

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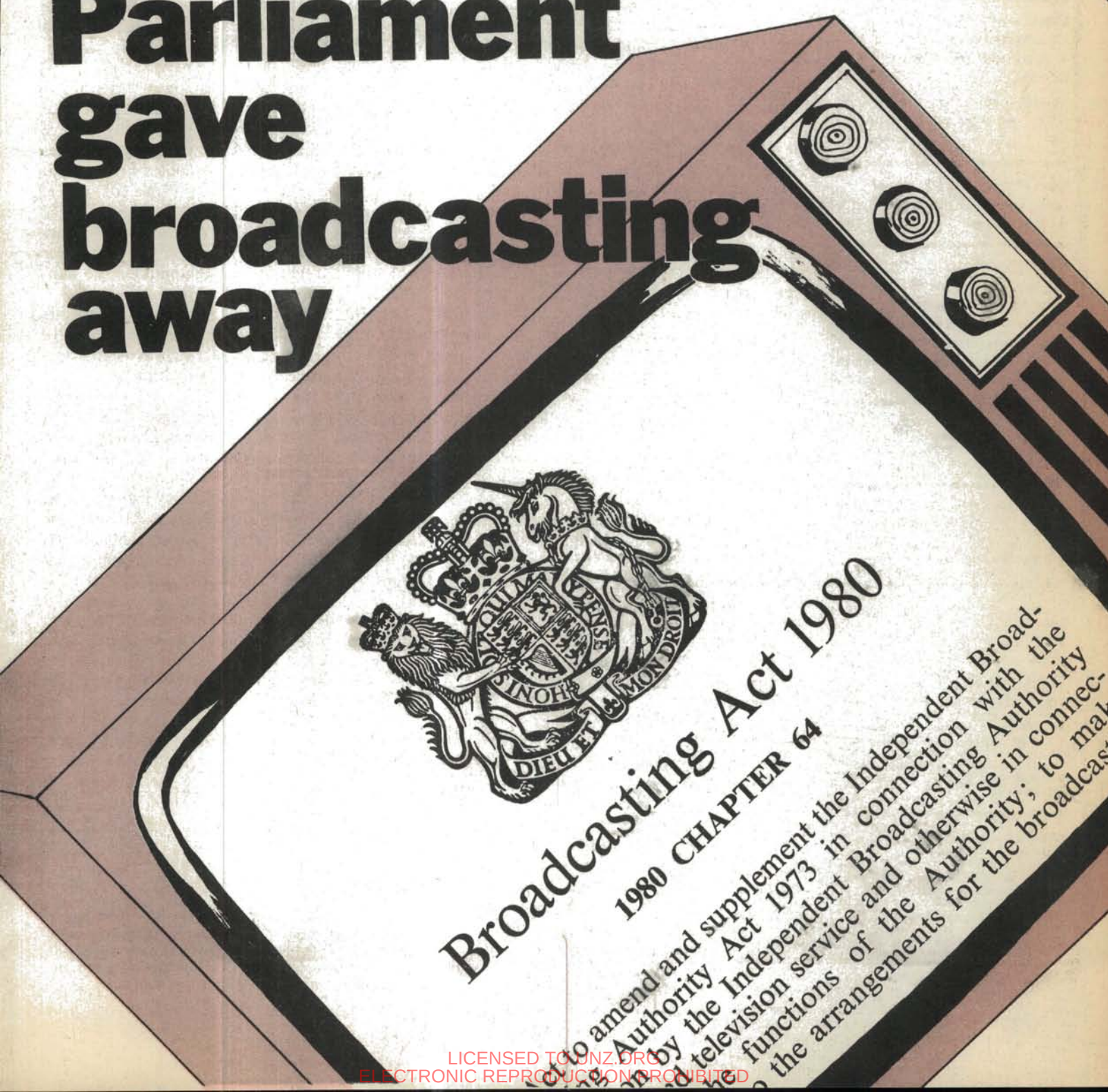
How Parliament gave broadcasting away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Police powers: Labour speaks out

LAST WEEK we said we would make our reply to the defenders of the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure, whose alarming proposals we first made public (somewhat upsetting, it would appear, the official snow-job that was being planned). However, we shall find plenty of opportunities to put our oar in, and meanwhile an urgent reporting task arises.

On Monday Roy Hattersley, the shadow Home Secretary, gave a speech in which he made it clear, with detailed reasoning, that the Commission's proposals were unacceptable to the Labour Opposition. This speech was not reported in the *Guardian* — which has given considerable hospitality to the Commission's supporters — and it received a few scant paragraphs in *The Times*. Not on this issue, or anything else, would the *NS* necessarily agree line-for-line with Mr Hattersley. But it seems important to record that disquiet about large increases in police power is far from being confined to crazed left-wingers supping too deep upon the writings of Tom Paine. We therefore give over this space to providing a decent report of what Mr Hattersley said. He began by noting that the Royal Commission was asked to review the whole criminal process:

> and in some of the areas . . . examined under that wide remit, the Report recommends important and welcome improvements. In particular, the creation of an independent prosecuting service is a radical and far-reaching proposal . . . But the changes which the Commission proposes in "the powers and duties of police in respect of the investigation of criminal offences and the rights and duties of suspected persons" are deeply unsatisfactory. They will do little to quieten the fears that the practices often employed in the investigation of offences can result in a denial of the rights and liberties that a free society should never withhold from its citizens.
>
> The criticisms that the Report has faced have been countered by three "explanations" of its tone and content.
>
> 1. It is said to be a "package" . . . the increase in police powers which it proposes should be weighed against the greater protection of suspects that it recommends.
>
> 2. It is said to have at least rejected the submission which advocated a draconian extension of police powers.
>
> 3. It is said to have constructed its report in the knowledge that its conclusions would be considered by a government elected on a "law and order" ticket and unsympathetic to civil liberties.
>
> Each of these defences misunderstands the role of a Royal Commission. A Commission's duty is to recommend what it believes to be right and to allow the government to "balance the package" in response to the pressure it receives. It is not the task of a Royal Commission to walk a political tightrope or to attempt to occupy some theoretical middle ground.
>
> True, the Commission endorses a suspect's right to silence, and rejected proposals to allow the police to hold suspects, without charge being made, for three days; to arrest witnesses and to fingerprint whole communities; to create road-blocks and to search wide areas.
>
> But such powers would clearly be wholly inconsistent with the existence of a free society. *To reject the intolerable cannot be an excuse for recommending the undesirable* (emphasis added).
>
> THE CREATION of wide powers . . . on the assumption that, despite the difficulties of defining their proper use, they will be employed only rarely, is at best a dangerous optimism. Against that background, I list some of the major objections to the "investigation of offences" proposals.
>
> 1. The power to stop people and vehicles in the vicinity of a "grave incident" would result in a severe deterioration in the relationship between police and public.
>
> 2. The extension of the power generally to arrest without warrant, from suspects of offences carrying a maximum penalty of five years, to suspects of all imprisonable offences would allow a citizen to be denied his freedom on suspicion of a whole range of trivial offences . . .
>
> 3. The power to hold a suspect for 24 hours without a charge (and in some cases to do so for an unlimited number of such periods) is a dangerous erosion of habeas corpus.
>
> 4. The compulsory taking of fingerprints from suspected children between the ages of 10 and 13 is intolerable. It will rarely assist in detection of the crime under investigation . . .
>
> To object to the balance the Commission has struck between power and safeguards is to risk the accusation that . . . the police are to be unreasonably hampered in carrying out their duties. That criticism is wholly misplaced. The detection of crime is enormously influenced by the relationship that is created between the police and the community. The implementation of the Commission's Report would result in that relationship deteriorating substantially in areas of great danger and difficulty — boroughs where West Indian car drivers were stopped and searched, housing estates where unemployed youths were arrested for comparatively minor offences, communities from which a member had been taken and held without charge.
>
> These new powers cannot be introduced with the support of the Opposition in Parliament. Matters concerning the liberty of the subject must not be pushed through the House of Commons on a party whip. ❞

Sorry

You may receive this week's NS later than usual. This is because of an industrial dispute at our printers, which was settled too late to preserve our usual schedules. Normal service will be resumed next week.

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Peter Kellner on how the lobby system is threatened

Fleet Street row over Thatcher's budget leak

A ROW HAS broken out among lobby journalists at Westminster over the Prime Minister's personal leaking of budget 'secrets' to four newspapers at 10 Downing Street on Monday. Journalists excluded from Mrs Thatcher's briefing complain that a two-tier lobby is being created, with *The Times, Guardian, Financial Times* and *Daily Telegraph* receiving preferential treatment.

On Tuesday morning the four papers carried reports, based on the No 10 briefing, that income tax rates would not rise in the budget, but that personal allowances would be increased by less than inflation — and therefore be worth less in real terms next year than they are now.

Mrs Thatcher's actions were properly ridiculed by papers not invited to the briefing as violating her own television pronouncement last week that leaks 'shouldn't happen, because it doesn't make for efficient Cabinet government. . .I hope it will happen less and less.'

Yet all newspapers live by leaks. **What has really upset some papers is** the apparent break-down of the convention whereby leaks are a) given to all journalists holding lobby passes, or b) given to one journalist exclusively, or c) given informally to a group of journalists who happen to be in the right place at the right time when a minister is in leaking mood.

Mrs Thatcher seems to have invented a fourth category of lobby leak: the organised briefing of the favoured few. Bernard Ingham, Thatcher's press secretary, telephoned the four invited journalists at home early on Monday morning to summon them to Downing Street.

Lobby writers excluded from the briefing say Thatcher has created a 'white commonwealth' category of lobby membership, and argue that the favoured journalists will be less critical than they should be of the leaked information they receive, for fear of having their status withdrawn.

For example, the four reports published on Tuesday morning all gave their main emphasis to the 'no tax rise' part of the briefing, while downplaying the less favourable disclosure that the Government intends to violate the 'Rooker-Wise' amendment to the 1977 Finance Act that requires personal allowances to be raised each year in line with inflation — an amendment that Tory MPs claimed at the time to be a famous victory over the then Labour government. □

The unlikely leaker

Mary Holland, Dublin

Pressure mounts to stop SA rugby tour

THE IRISH Government plans to take a strong stand against the decision by the Irish Rugby Football Union to tour South Africa in May. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Brian Lenihan, hopes 'moral pressure' will be sufficient to stop a tour that will gravely damage Ireland's reputation and trade with black African countries — but he would if necessary consider cancelling the players' passports.

Mr Lenihan also made it clear that leave would be refused to State employees hoping to take part in the tour — probably three International rugby players — and that the Government is considering the forms of state aid and tax relief which are presently given to the IRFU.

Meanwhile moral pressure is building up from other quarters. Ireland was strongly represented on the British Lions' tour of South Africa of 1974 and the experience of some people on that tour converted them to the view that there should be no sports contact with South Africa.

The doyen of Rugby correspondents, Edmund Van Esbeck of the *Irish Times*, has come out strongly against the tour because of what he saw in South Africa when covering the British Lions in 1974. Three leading rugby players — Tony Ward, Donal Spring, and John Robbie — are all thought to have severe reservations about apartheid and will probably turn down invitations to take part in the tour.

For historical reasons to do in about equal parts with its anti-colonial tradition and the involvement of missionaries in Black Africa, Ireland has been rather good on apartheid and sport. Over 20 years ago it was one of the first countries to denounce white racist policies at the UN and to demand that the world community boycott South Africa. It banned the last South African rugby team to visit the British Isles. Last November it departed from the EEC line on apartheid, which it considers to be too weak, to deliver an uncompromising denunciation of South African policy at the UN.

The Government's decision on the proposed rugby tour will confirm or refute a suspicion that Ireland is submerging its foreign policy to that of the EEC, and losing its neutral status among non-aligned nations. □

How the Tories broke a pledge to the disabled

Next Monday the Prime Minister will host a reception at 10 Downing Street to mark the International Year for Disabled People, which has just started. One of Mrs Thatcher's guests, PETER TOWNSEND, will attempt to explain to her that she has little to be proud of.

DISABLED PEOPLE in Britain have always fared badly. But over the past decade there have been fitful improvements. Successive governments followed piecemeal policies to develop the range of cash benefits and social services: indeed it was, ironically, Sir Keith Joseph who, as Secretary of State for Social Services in the early 1970s, presided over a growth rate of 12 per cent a year in expenditure on personal social services.

The unlikely spender

However, major defects remained. Britain's three million disabled people, including 1¼ million with 'appreciable, severe or very severe handicaps' (those are official estimates: the true figures are undoubtedly higher) consist of many varied groups. And the anomalies grew to be considerable. Some disabled people receiving war or industrial injury disablement pensions had a fairly substantial income. But other people who were equally severely disabled, such as those who were disabled from birth, or injured in accidents at home or on the roads — especially if they were disabled housewives — **had few or no rights to any income.**

The Conservatives promised to put those defects right. Its 1979 manifesto stated:

> Our aim is to provide a coherent system of cash benefits to meet the costs of disability, so that more disabled people can support themselves and live normal lives.

As late as the 1979 Conservative Party conference Sir Keith Joseph admitted that Britain spends less on disabled people than do other countries, and less than a country should spend to deserve being called civilised. But instead of fulfilling their pledge, the Conservatives have actually made thing worse.

***As a result of two new Social Security Acts, 650,000 invalidity pensioners under retirement age now receive considerably less than they would have done under previous legislation. Since last November, a single person has been £2.50 a week worse off, a married couple £4.05 worse off, and a couple with two children (where the man had been disabled early in adult life) £7.30 worse off. The Government has deliberately raised benefits rates by less than the rate of inflation.

***The Government is proposing to abandon entitlement to sickness benefit for the first eight weeks of sickness and oblige employers themselves to pay a low rate of sickness payment instead. That will also involve the abolition of the higher rate of industrial injury benefit for the same period. Disabled people with low earnings and families with children are among those who will lose most by the change.

***The Government is also proposing to abandon the higher rate of industrial injury benefit for the remainder of the first 26 weeks of injury — which will mean a loss of £2.75 a week for approximately 600,000 people who benefit under the industrial injury scheme for some period during the year.

***The Manpower Services Commission plans to close employment rehabilitation centres to save money. Twenty-seven centres attended by 7,500 disabled people are affected. And only last month Mrs Thatcher announced that the number of the Department of Employment's Disablement Advisory Committees is to be cut from 220 to 68.

***Invalidity, Industrial Injury and** War Disablement Pensions, the Attendance Allowance, Non-contributory Pensions and the Invalid Care Allowance will no longer be permitted to rise annually in relation to earnings, if earnings rise faster than prices. While the Government has declared that it will consider the situation each year, the removal of the automatic right to a share in rising prosperity could make a very big difference to the living standards of disabled people. For example, during the late 1970s pensions were increased by a total of £5 more per week more than they would

What Britain is committed to

Extract from United Nations Declaration of the Rights of Disabled Persons.

- Disabled persons have the right to medical, psychological and functional treatment . . . and other services which will enable them to develop their capabilities and skills to the maximum and will hasten the process of their social integration or reintegration.
- Disabled persons have the right to economic and social security and to a decent level of living. They have the right, according to their capabilities to secure and retain employment or to encourage in a useful, productive and remunerative occupation and to join trade unions.
- Disabled persons are entitled to have their special needs taken into consideration at all stages of economic and social planning.

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have been increased had they merely been tied to prices.

*Supplementary benefits have been re-organised and people with disabilities are prominent among those likely to lose most as a consequence. The Government has admitted that about 1¾ million claimants will lose in the process of change, many of whom are disabled. Exceptional needs payments in particular will be subject to new restrictions. Before the end of November 1980 disabled people benefited disproportionately from such payments.

*Changes in the rules qualifying people for entitlement to invalidity benefit have been made and these will reduce the numbers so entitled.

*Home help charges imposed on many disabled people by local authorities will no longer be met under the revised supplementary benefits scheme.

*The Government's public expenditure plans envisage sharper cuts in the personal social services than in any other social service. The proposed level of cuts for 1980-81 for local authorities was 7 per cent, but when the effect of the cash limit and of the rapid rise in the proportion of the population who are over 75 or otherwise dependent are taken into account, that represents a real cut in level of service of more than 12 per cent. In practice local authorities have been unable so far to fulfil these plans; even so the Disability Alliance, the Association of Directors of Social Services and the Personal Social Services Council have accumulated evidence of councils reducing provisions of home helps, meals, day centres, workshops and other services and facilities.

Government spokesmen have declared that in making the cuts local councils should observe the needs of people with disabilities, but, despite requests, they have given no detailed advice on how this might be done. □

Rick Rogers on the price of Tory ideology

No more Latin, no more Greek

KINGSTON UPON THAMES education department is planning to introduce what it calls a twilight schooling scheme for over-16s. It is part of the local education authority's (LEA) secondary reorganisation proposals for coping with falling pupil numbers and massive cuts in the education budget — 7.5 per cent for 80/81 and 3.8 per cent for 81/82.

Tory-controlled Kingston is a front-runner for pushing right-wing and elitist educational ideas and the authority claims that other LEAs are to bring in similar schemes. The only example quoted so far is Sefton, where such a scheme was run as an emergency measure pending completion of a new school.

Under the twilight scheme, children who want to do 'minority' subjects at sixth form level will have to attend classes outside normal school hours. The LEA lists as examples of minority subjects German, Spanish, music, religious studies, geology, Latin and Greek. The LEA sees it as a way of protecting a broad curriculum for its non-grammar school pupils. Kingston's two grammar schools will not be affected by the scheme. As spending cuts bite, a growing number of schools are able to offer pupils only a basic core of subjects — especially at sixth form level. But if approved by the full Kingston council, the twilight scheme may be extended to take in the borough's 11 to 15 year old pupils as well.

The twilight scheme is included in a consultative document to be issued by Kingston entitled *Future educational provision in the borough*. But the document covers only those options favoured by the LEA and is geared to the Tory-run council's determination to preserve its two single-sex grammar schools — Tiffin boys' and girls'. Kingston is the only local authority in England and Wales with no comprehensives.

The Tiffins currently cream off the top 15 per cent of pupils from the other Kingston secondary schools. A 1979 proposal to turn the Tiffins into 'super-grammars' by reducing that proportion to 8 per cent and to fill up with children from neighbouring LEAs such as Merton, Richmond, Sutton and Surrey has now been dropped. The new plan is to keep the 15 per cent for home-pupils for the time being and to 'import' a quarter of each school's annual intake of 120 pupils (4 forms of entry) from other LEAs. The cost of improving the two schools to take the imported forms was estimated by the council in 1979 to be £¾ million. Without the imported pupils, the improvement costs drop by four-fifths.

The Kingston document comes down heavily in favour of schools with sixth forms. Importing pupils is the only way Kingston can sustain the Tiffin sixth forms *and* keep the school selective. Even so, the Tiffins fail to meet the criteria set out by the LEA for gauging whether a school can remain educationally viable. Other 'non-selective' schools dropping below six forms of entry, because of falling rolls, may be closed or amalgamated.

At the same time, Kingston proposes to do away with sixth forms other than the Tiffins, and to offer 'non-selective' pupils the options of federated sixth-form provision away from their own school (entailing long journeys and disrupted schooling), places at the local FE college, and the twilight schooling scheme.

The local parents' group PACE, which has been campaigning for comprehensives since the early seventies, calls the twilight scheme 'educational nonsense' and insists that ending selection at the Tiffins can ensure proper sixth-form provision for all Kingston pupils who want it. □

Jan Kavan on the fate of a Czech dissident

Rudolf Battek's protest

A SINISTER MYSTERY has developed over the fate of Rudolf Battek, the Czechoslovak dissident who has been imprisoned without trial since June 1980. On 7 December Battek demanded a visit from his defence lawyer, and said that if this were to be denied he would have to 'resort to extreme means of defence and protest'. This undoubtedly means that he would feel compelled to begin a hunger-strike, in spite of the fact that his health has long been extremely precarious.

His lawyer has not been allowed to visit him, and has been referred, in extraordinary fashion, to Article 67b of the Czechoslovak Penal Code, which says that a defendant can be detained until his trial if 'there is a danger that he could influence witnesses or in some way obstruct the attempt of the interrogators to clarify facts relevant to the criminal proceedings'. This article makes no reference to a prohibition against visits from defence lawyers.

Battek has been held for nearly seven months (*NS* 24 October '80) for alleged assault on a policeman. Since investigators were unable to produce a witness, the charge was changed to one of 'endangering health'. As this is a misdemeanour, not a crime, it almost never produces a pre-trial detention — let alone a lengthy one in almost total isolation.

Last Monday a friend of Battek's wife phoned from London to ask for news of him. Mrs Dagmar Battek said: 'There is no communication with him whatsoever. It is deliberate. We don't know if he actually started his hunger strike, or how he is surviving it, and the lawyer thinks we may never know'. Although Battek's interrogation was officially 'closed' in October, the prosecutor gains a month's extension every month. Extension will be required again on 14 January, and Mrs Battek believes it will be granted.

She, and other friends of Battek's, believe that the Czech authorities' disdain for their own laws has been aided by their success in presenting it to Western journalists as a 'criminal' matter — despite the lack of evidence. Battek is one of a group of non-communist socialists who have built up links with the Austrian Socialist Party and the Socialist International. This is why 47 Czech citizens have sent an open letter to the London headquarters of the Socialist International asking them to help Rudolf Battek, and 'if he is not released, attempt to ensure that he is given a genuinely public trial'. □

Donald Kirk, Tokyo, on a US-Japan rift

One per cent — not a yen more

THE JAPANESE are responding with increasing annoyance over incessant American pressure for them to raise their defence budget beyond approximately 0.9 per cent of the nation's gross national product, the level maintained consistently for a decade.

Japan's adamant stand against the United States on the defence issue ranks along with the huge trade surplus as the most vexing problem in US-Japanese relations confronting the Reagan administration. Japanese officials fully expect that Reagan will if anything exercise still more pressure than did Carter to get them to abandon their long-standing anti-war policy. They are countering US expressions of 'disappointment' with this year's defence budget by charging the US with 'interference' in Japanese affairs.

For Americans the most baffling aspect of the Japan defence issue is that the Japanese for the past year have seemed on the verge of a 'shifting consensus'. A study group, initially authorised by the late Prime Minister Masayoshi Ohira, drafted a sensational report issued shortly after his death last June in which it frankly recommended that Japan do away with the one per cent constraint. The report cited grave deficiencies thoughout.

The ensuing headlines and editorials and comments probably did more than anything else to convince the witless Americans that times were really changing here. American military groupies, including local 'consultants' and professors from mid-American campuses, could hardly restrain their enthusiasm over the tone of the reports and white papers and other documents that whirled from the mimeograph machines at a conference on strategic problems cooked up several months ago by an especially conservative faction of the ruling Liberal-Democratic Party.

But soon after, Zenku Suzuki, the new Prime Minister, gave the first indication that Japan was not anxious to change policy when he said the government could propose an increase in spending of only 9.7 per cent, considerably less than the figures broached by the Americans. Then, in December, Suzuki shocked the outgoing US Secretary of Defence, Harold Brown by telling him that even that figure was 'a ceiling' and that the 'floor' might be considerably lower. Brown could only describe the final government recommendation of 7.6 per cent as 'so modest that it conveys a sense of complacency not justified by facts'.

Against this background, US outrage over Japan's defence posture seems likely to rank as the leading topic in a series of delicate talks after Reagan's inauguration. Japanese officials quickly spread the word of a possible Reagan-Suzuki summit after receiving a message from Reagan's senior foreign policy adviser, Richard V. Allen, who will serve as Presidential Assistant for National Security Affairs. Allen reportedly told Japanese correspondents the Reagan administration would 'study carefully the problem of Japan's new defence budget' — a remark promptly interpreted here as meaning that Reagan would pick up where Carter had left off in arm-twisting Japan into a great leap forward on defence. □

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Peter Kellner, Political Editor

On the persecution of a dead socialist

I SHOULD FIRST declare my interests. I have known Pat Healy, the social services correspondent of *The Times,* for twelve years. I knew Tom Litterick, the former Labour MP, for the last four years of his life.

Last week, following Tom's sudden death, I found myself by the victims' end of the tabloid press in full cry. After eleven years on the *Sunday Times* I thought I knew the moral boundaries observed by my profession. I was wrong. In some circumstances, such as when left-wing figures are deemed to be fair game, it seems that anything goes.

To explain what happened, some background is needed. Four years ago the marriage of Tom and Jane Litterick broke down. During the break-down Tom suffered a heart attack. Shortly afterwards he started living with Pat Healy at Pat's house in west London. Mrs Litterick subsequently set fire to Pat's house, and was put on probation for arson. Mrs Litterick also gave interviews to the press about Tom. These led to defamatory press reports, and Tom sued a number of newspapers for libel. The case was settled out of court last year with Tom receiving 'substantial' damages, and costs. Meanwhile Mrs Litterick started proceedings for a judicial separation, which were completed last year.

On Monday night of last week Tom had a further heart attack, and died. On Tuesday Pat informed the press and (through solicitors) Mrs Litterick. Wednesday morning's newspapers carried brief obituaries.

By any tenable standard of journalistic ethics, the friends and relatives of Tom should then have been left alone to pay him their final respects. Common decency should have dictated a sense of contrition towards a man whom the press had defamed when he had a weak heart. Ordinary caution should have attended any publication of further comments by Mrs Litterick. And, just in case any moral pygmies were unable to work that out for themselves, the National Union of Journalists' code of conduct is perfectly clear:

> Subject to justification by over-riding considerations of the public interest, a journalist shall do nothing which entails intrusion into private grief and distress.

Yet during the latter part of last week the *Daily Star, Daily Express, Sun* and *Birmingham Evening Mail,* and to a lesser extent the *Daily Mirror,* reported in tasteless, intrusive and often inaccurate detail a non-existent 'dispute' over Tom's funeral.

THURSDAY's *Daily Star,* whose front page is reproduced above, set the pace. The paper quoted Mrs Litterick as saying: 'I am making it clear I will move heaven and earth to get his body back . . .'. The *Daily Express* reported that 'Mrs Litterick wept as she appealed to her dead husband's woman friend, Times Journalist Pat Healey to let her have the body . . .'

There can be no doubt that Mrs Litterick was deeply upset, as were others, by Tom's death. But that does not excuse the use the papers made of her remarks. All the reports omitted the vital fact that Mrs Litterick had sought, and obtained, a judicial separation. More seriously, *no approach was made at any time to Pat Healy or to Tom's solicitors, for the return of Tom's body.*

On Thursday afternoon Tom's solicitor issued a statement clarifying these points to the Press Association, which duly circulated it to all newspapers. The statement concluded:

DAILY STAR

MAGGIE BOMB SCARE

I'm a caring Tory, says sacked Stevas

MP's widow in heartbreak wrangle with his mistress

GIVE ME MY HUSBAND'S BODY

> I trust the newspapers concerned will now take the opportunity of correcting the erroneous stories and give the correction the same prominence as they gave to the original inaccurate story. All the Editors in question will understand the grief and suffering which Ms Healy and Mrs McLean (Tom Litterick's sister) are experiencing is being exacerbated by these unfounded allegations.

It is common for people who wish to respond to a press story to seek equal prominence for a reply. Naturally journalists make up their own minds, taking into account their confidence in their original story and the size of any error. But, again, the NUJ code of conduct is clear:

> A journalist shall rectify promptly any harmful inaccuracies, ensure that correction and apologies receive due prominence . . .

On Friday the only newspaper that came anywhere near doing that was the *Daily Express.* The *Daily Star* published nothing — though not for lack of interest. For part of the day before it had a reporter, Joe Clancy, stationed outside Pat Healy's home. He wanted to speak first to Pat, and later to Tom's sister, Rita, and two of his daughters, Sian and Tracy, who were travelling to Pat's house prior to Friday's funeral.

Eventually Clancy was persuaded to leave, as his presence was causing some distress, but he made it clear he would still like to speak to Rita McLean when she arrived. Rita, however, had no wish to speak to the *Daily Star,* and asked me to speak to Clancy over the telephone. It transpired that Clancy a) did have the solicitor's statement, b) wanted to 'clarify' it, c) had made no attempt to contact the solicitor directly, and d) was not familiar with the NUJ code of conduct. I filled in this gap in his education, and suggested he ring the solicitor to sort out what was unclear. But neither he nor any other journalist did so.

That failure to check facts with Tom's solicitor is especially odd, for other newspapers on Friday reported that Mrs Litterick was being 'banned' from the funeral — even though, as the solicitor's statement had said, *Mrs Litterick had been informed of the funeral arrangements as soon as they had been made.* The *Daily Mirror,* for example, carried that story on Friday — and then on Saturday, after Mrs Litterick *had* attended the funeral, stated quite wrongly 'she was told by her husband's solicitors that he did not want her there.'

Finally, Saturday morning's press reports of the funeral bore little relation to the moving event that I had attended. For once, not even the words of Tony Benn, who spoke in tribute to Tom, excited press attention as much as a contrived attempt to create a conflict between Pat Healy and Mrs Litterick. For example, no paper saw fit to report Benn's observation that 'he was a courageous man, because he was hounded by the press, and that does not end yet.'

Nor did it seem newsworthy to report that Tom's daughter Tracy went up the assembled journalists outside the crematorium to tell them: 'I am Tracy Litterick and I want you to know that I think my father was a great man.' Indeed, both the *Daily Star* and the *Birmingham Evening Mail* quoted Mrs Litterick as saying that Tom had been inconsiderate towards his daughters.

THIS SORRY tale will, I am sure, reinforce left-wing demonology about Fleet Street. One danger is that tougher legal constraints on press freedom will be sought. That, I believe, would be a mistake. Any further restriction on a journalist's right to inquire would assist the suppression of information that is in the public interest, as well as information that is not. Nor do I savour the thought of a law that leaves it to judges to define 'public interest'.

A much more appropriate answer is for us, as journalists, to apply our own moral standards. In the case of Tom Litterick's death, the NUJ Equality Working Party, of which Pat Healy is a member, is protesting to the journalists on the *Daily Star* over their coverage last week. It will be an important test case for the NUJ — not to give Pat special treatment, but, as she says, 'to protect others from this kind of reporting in future'.

Meanwhile, I gladly pass on the following message I have received from Tom's oldest friend, Iain Jordan:

> Many people went to great efforts, including cancelling other engagements and travelling considerable distances, to be present at the funeral of Tom Litterick last week. Unfortunately, the presence of press and broadcasting personnel in considerable numbers made it impossible for those closest to him to express their appreciation personally to everyone present. Pat Healy, his common law wife, Tracy Litterick, his eldest daughter, and Rita McLean, his only sister, have asked me, as his oldest friend, to ask for the courtesy of your columns to make their gratitude known.
>
> They would also like to express their regret that some of Tom's Scottish friends and colleagues were not informed in time to be able to attend. □

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BROADCASTING

The right to print money

When the current round of BBC cuts is complete commercial interests will dominate both television and local radio broadcasting in Britain. It will continue to be regulated by a curious and secretive system enshrined in the 1980 Broadcasting Act, which spent most of last year going through Parliament. JONATHAN COE and SIMON BLANCHARD report here on some of the successes and failures of the campaign both inside and outside Parliament to affect the course of this legislation.

IN 1978 the House of Commons Select Committee on Nationalised Industries reported, after examining broadcasting legislation,

> one cannot escape the conclusion that this is a legislative hotchpotch which does no credit to the perspicacity of those responsible for deciding the future of independent broadcasting in this country.

They might as well have saved their ink, as the 1980 Bill made no attempt to tidy up and simplify this legislative dogs' dinner, merely amending the 1973 IBA Act, making it even more difficult to establish the precise duties and powers of the Authority.

Part of the difficulty is that serious concern about broadcasting is very much a minority interest in Westminster and between front benches at least there was widespread agreement on the Broadcasting Bill. As Merlyn Rees said, when he opened the debate for Labour

> A great deal of the proposals in the Bill are exactly the same as those that would have been included in any legislation prepared by the Labour Party.

In private he said that he hoped for 'A neat, tidy debate.' He did not get it.

Amongst back-benchers there were also some remarkable examples of indifference. When, on 18 February, Home Secretary William Whitelaw proposed the Second Reading of the Bill he was expected to make a further statement on the future of Welsh language broadcasting, already a controversial issue. As the Tory member for Brecon and Radnor remarked

> Is not my friend surprised that there is not a single Labour backbencher from Wales to discuss this subject?

Whitelaw's proposals — which he had already outlined in a speech the previous September — were indeed extraordinary, as they were directly opposed to a promise made in the Conservatives' election manifesto.

As a result of years of argument and agitation all political parties were committed to the so-called 'one channel solution' to Welsh language broadcasts: the new Fourth Channel in Wales should be used for all Welsh language broadcasts, with the space freed on BBC and HTV being used for English language broadcasts. But the bill merely said:

> as regards television programmes broadcast by the Authority in Wales — it shall be the duty of the Authority to ensure that the programmes broadcast in Service 2 for reception in Wales contain a suitable proportion of matter in Welsh . . .

As Phillip Whitehead remarked:

> The whole House knows, and the people of Wales know that the Government are betraying recommendations made by the Siberry committee, recommendations of the Annan Report and everything that was said by all the major political parties at the election and beyond.

There followed a sustained campaign of civil disobedience from refusals to pay the licence fee to symbolic attacks on IBA transmitters and other bits of property (see picture).

WHY HAD THE government been led into this unpopular U-turn? It was left to Plaid Cymru MP Dafydd Thomas to provide part of the answer in a debate during April. He quoted from a letter sent to his party by Lord Belstead, the Home Office minister with responsibility for broadcasting, who had written:

> . . . there is the question of the financial viability of the fourth channel service. If all Welsh language programmes were to be placed on that channel in Wales, there would be a considerable reduction in the advertising revenue likely to be raised.

Thomas went on,

> The Government have not suddenly become convinced that linguistic harmony will be created in Wales by having two channels with Welsh on both . . . The Commercial contractor significantly is not mentioned but he has been lobbying for the past two years to get the decision reversed. He has found friends in the house, at the IBA and in the Home Office and the Government has succumbed.

The extra-parliamentary campaign intensified: on 12 April, at a meeting of the National Executive Committee of Plaid Cymru the party's president Gwynfor Evans announced that he would stage a hunger strike from 6 October unless the Government agreed to the one channel solution. Evans's decision was made public on 6 May and it soon became clear that he was going to enjoy considerable support for his stand.

The government had been warned that something like this might happen. During the committee stage of the bill in April Phillip Whitehead had spoken of the Conservative Party 'flouting the clearly expressed views and wishes of the Welsh people' and 'inviting the kind of civil disobedience that some now propose.' By the time the Bill had reached the report stage in the House of Commons on 24 June the Welsh backbenchers' championship of their cause was considerably handicapped by the apparent need to repeatedly denounce Gwynfor Evans. Thus Alec Jones, MP for Rhondda and opposition spokesman on Wales:

> I must say again from this box that the opposition have no political sympathy with Mr Evans. I sincerely hope that his true friends will persuade him to abandon his foolish action.

The Tories were unmoved and the one channel amendments were defeated.

THE GOVERNMENT began to bend. The first indication was given by Secretary of State for Wales Nicholas Edwards in the Welsh Grand Committee on 16 July. He announced the Welsh Language Television Committee which would

> keep under review the extent to which the television programmes in Welsh broadcast by the BBC and the IBA serve the interests of people living in Wales.

Edwards finished with a plea 'with all this on offer' for Evans to call off his hunger strike. But without apparent irony Sir Anthony Meyer, Tory member for West Flint, blustered on:

> If the Government were seen to give in to Mr Evans' threat, how long would it be before people were threatening to do the same kind of thing in order to force a repeal, or a great strengthening of the Race Relations Act? In due course we should see city bankers jumping off high ledges in an attempt to force a reduction in the MLR.

No-one paid any attention to Sir Anthony's pleas. When Nicholas Edwards — a non-Welsh speaker with a public-school background — went to the National Eisteddfod near Swansea in August he was confronted by the recently daubed IBA and HTV stands and was trapped in his car by demonstrators sitting in front of it for some 20 minutes.

A few days later, on his own initiative Labour's Deputy leader Michael Foot met Gwynfor Evans in a pub in Builth Wells. After an unsuccessful attempt at persuading him to call off the hunger strike, he agreed to try and convince Whitelaw to change his mind. But at a meeting on 10 September he failed to do so.

Members of the Welsh Language Society daubing the IBA's stand at the 1980 National Eisteddfod.

Jonathan Coe is radio editor of Time Out. *Simon Blanchard is national organiser of the Independent Film Makers' Association. He writes here in a personal capacity.*

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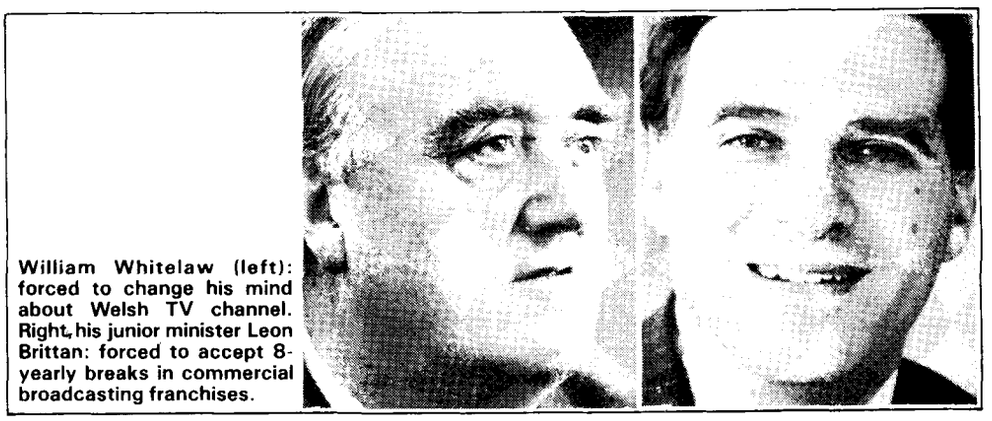
Two days later a delegation put together by the National Eisteddfod Council met Whitelaw. The Church was represented by the Archbishop of Wales, academe by Sir Goronwy Hopkin Daniel, former Principal of Aberystwyth University and Parliament by Lord Cledwyn of Penrhos (formerly, Cledwyn Hughes). All were Welsh speakers and close friends. They had what was reported as a 'full and frank' discussion. In fact, they recognised that their job was to provide Whitelaw with an honourable way out.

At the time there were about 2,500 people in Wales refusing to pay their television licence, virtually begging to go to prison: the courts had already refused to imprison three academics who had damaged a television transmitter. A few days after the meeting with the three wise men Whitelaw's constituency offices in Carlisle were invaded by Welsh protesters and on 17 September Whitelaw announced that he had changed his mind. However in Parliament it was Lord Cledwyn and his friends who got the honours with Lord Belstead insisting that it was because of their advice that the one channel solution was to be introduced.

THE SECOND MAJOR victory was to change the government's policy on the eight-yearly advertising of all radio and television contracts. On one interpretation of Clause 23 in the bill it seemed as though the IBA itself could decide when a contract would be terminated and offered for public competition. Indeed, when asked, this was precisely the view the IBA took and in effect it meant that any contract in radio could now be held in perpetuity.

Amendments were tabled not only for break points and readvertisement but for a comprehensive public hearings system. Both arguments were resisted by the minister, Leon Brittan, in committee but by the time the bill reached the Commons for the third reading he had relented. The government thought it right and proper, he announced, that contracts should be terminated and readvertised.

There is no doubt that this was the department's view all along. In the non-attributable guidance notes which the Home Office dished out to journalists when the bill was published they interpreted Clause 23 as obliging the IBA to readvertise every eight years. At the same time there was a general feeling in government



William Whitelaw (left): forced to change his mind about Welsh TV channel. Right, his junior minister Leon Brittan: forced to accept 8-yearly breaks in commercial broadcasting franchises.

circles and elsewhere that there should be more competition: the advertising industry, for example, were complaining about the monopoly which each commercial station had over advertising. So it must have seemed sensible to ensure that if there was to be a monopoly at least it was not permanent.

This was a good illustration of how much easier it was to win the argument if the department was on your side. In almost all its respects the Bill represented a return to the position which the department had held in the early days of the last Labour government when the whole future of broadcasting had been under intense discussion. Unfortunately the department was not at all keen on the idea of public hearings. Brittan had described these as 'vastly more cumbersome expensive and slow' than the existing system.

A further attempt was made to convince the government of the argument in the House of Lords. Amendments were introduced both to compel the IBA to draw up a code of practice for the operation of public meetings and also to free their local advisory committees from IBA domination, stipulating that such a meeting should be in public, minutes should be published and they should be able to call evidence and witnesses.

Lord Belstead, replying for the government, did not consider these matters worth writing into legislation — it was obvious from his speech that his Home Office advisers had not given the proposed changes serious consideration.

On the Code of Practice Belstead replied with a totally irrelevant anecdote about life in his Oxford college, prefaced with the following:

> There are some distinguished people in the broadcasting authorities these days and some of them come from universities . . .

continuing later

> It would not be much good having a code of practice for the holding of meetings when great and good people from the universities, as they do, help the IBA to hold their public gatherings and I say seriously to the noble Lord that to start telling people who are running such an important broadcasting regulating authority as the IBA how they should run their meetings is going a little far.

By the report stage, Lord Ponsonby — one of Labour's spokespersons on broadcasting in the Lords — had assembled a list of criticisms of the IBA's meetings, from such people as *Campaign* magazine through to the National Union of Public Employees. Belstead would not accept the argument. Lurching off his brief, to the anguish of his civil servants whose faces began to register positive alarm, he went on to compare the existing IBA procedure with that used by the education authorities under the 1944 Act. This comparison was completely mistaken, as Ponsonby was able to show. He accused the minister of misleading the House; Belstead remained silent.

THERE IS still nothing, of course, which prevents the IBA from either opening up its local advisory bodies or introducing a code of practice for public meetings*. And in this respect the Parliamentary process provided a public forum for the airing of the new ideas. For example, Clause 3(1)(c) of the act lays down that the IBA and TV4 should

> encourage innovations and experiment in the form and content of programmes.

When pressed as to what they thought this meant the government shifted uneasily between making feeble suggestions of its own to saying it was all up to the IBA and TV4. The Independent Film Makers Association had suggested that an experimental television foundation be established at arms length from the main TV4 company with its own budget (£5-7 million approximately). Although the government took a consistently neutral position on the suggestion, the debate highlighted the fact that very little serious thought had been given to the issue.

This underscores an important dimension of broadcasting law and practice in Britain: in many respects it is made up as it goes along. For the Welsh, for example, the new channel offers the real prospect of popular involvement in programme production and planning. But this idea is still crammed with unresolved problems which will need continuing energy and hard work to solve: an issue summed up in the maxim *Iaith a Gwaith* — language *and* work.

Organisations elsewhere also have an unrivalled opportunity to form non-commercial consortia to bid for radio franchises now that the IBA are advertising a new or readvertising an old radio contract every six weeks. The IBA have the power to encourage bids from non-commercial consortia and will need harrying to accept the view that radio stations run by people drawn from the community are likely to be better than organisations run by, for example, Standard Broadcasting of Canada. To interest the public in such possibilities is clearly a major task.

Already there are ominous signs. A recent *Financial Times* editorial, attacking the paternalism and arbitrary authority of the IBA argued for complete de-regulation and handing things over to the market place (in this industry, that means, predominantly, the advertisers). In the one country where regulation has been demolished — Italy — the airwaves are now dominated by the multinationals. If the argument for democracy and accountability is not won, British broadcasting will continue to move in the same direction. □

*The chaotic and disorganised nature of these was described in the *NS* on 26 September 1980.

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POLAND

'Tell us our mistakes'

Following its early, heady impact on Poland's national politics, Solidarity is now developing its organisation at the grassroots. An official of the Geneva-based International Metalworkers' Federation has toured a number of factories, and describes the birth-pains of local Solidarity branches.

Walbrzych

ON THE WAY to this mining centre in Silesia the evidence of Solidarity's existence is persistent and everywhere. Airline staff and passengers on the plane from Warsaw to Wroclaw openly wear Solidarity badges. Our taxi driver knows where the Solidarity office in Walbrzych is and quietly undoes his jacket to show a badge sported on his pullover.

Their offices are a couple of rooms and a hall inside a community centre. Inside, a small queue waits to discuss grievances. On the wall is a chart explaining union elections with carefully defined responsibilities for each level — only a mass meeting can vote for a strike, while it is the factory committee's task to put forward claims.

Inside, I talked to local Solidarity leaders including Karol Biaszrayk, 38, a miner and member of the Polish communist party. What are their main demands? 'To have enough to eat. Solidarity has to get organised properly as soon as possible. We can only appeal to people and mobilize them but we cannot directly force change ourselves. We must remain inside the socialist system.'

The miners have won the abolition of the hated four brigade system which often meant that they worked a 70-hour week. As a result coal output has dropped and Poland will lose US$250 million in foreign exchange because of failure to produce sufficient coal to sell abroad in 1981. Would they go back to the six day week to save Poland's economy? 'No way. We worked till exhaustion before and the economy was still a mess.'

Wroclaw

Without any warning I asked my driver to stop at an electrical factory making lamps in the suburbs of Wroclaw. One simply goes to the main gate and asks for Solidarity. A representative comes out, obtains passes and in you go. It seems a lot easier to enter factories and talk to workers in Poland than in England. Just inside the works entrance are large glass-covered notice boards carrying photographs and biographical details of the 66 candidates for the Solidarity plant committee election.

Three-quarters of the workforce are women. But 60 out of 66 candidates are men. According to one woman, a 37-year-old assembly line supervisor who is on the temporary plant committee, '90 per cent of the 2000 workers here are in Solidarity. We organised ourselves after hearing about the Gdansk strikes. We wanted more money. Often there were shortages of materials which caused stoppages and consequently lower take-home pay. But there won't be any more wage demands. Common sense must prevail'.

At that moment two male colleagues in Solidarity came in and cut into our conversation. She sat mute for the rest of the discussion. Despite the large number of women workers in Poland, Solidarity is a male affair. At the national committee meeting in Gdansk only two women regularly take part.

Katowice

Katowice is the steel and mining centre of Poland. It is a dark gloomy city where heavy industrial pollution can visibly dirty clothes in a couple of hours. Solidarity has an organised presence in 750 plants or mines and claims 80 per cent of the 500,000 strong workforce in the region.

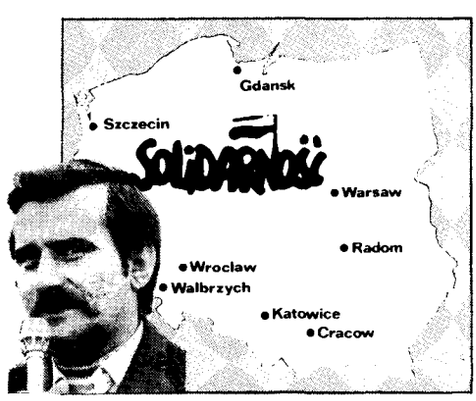
They have taken over a large detached house, used as the Gestapo headquarters in the war and later done up in mock baronial style as a club for top managers in the region.

I spoke to a 33-year-old welder and a 25-year-old computer technician who worked in a steel plant. What do they consider to be their achievements since September 1980? 'We have been dismantling social and political collectives — the party, the youth movement, other party-controlled organisations', they replied. 'These had tremendous power — promotions, cars, flats were all obtained through them. Now we have stopped the arbitrary distribution of flats. We are being consulted about changes in the plants. We are making management take responsibility as individuals for their plants.'

But, they argued, they still don't have enough data on which to make real decisions. 'We know Poland is in an economic mess', said one, 'but if we don't know how much is spent on the health service or how much is spent on internal security or even what the national income really is, how can we decide what our economic priorities should be?'

Cracow

A novel method of raising money for Soldiarity has been to hold art auctions to which Polish artists either donate or sell for a nominal fee paintings and sculptures. Two such auctions in Warsaw raised 2.5 million zlotys (£40,000). I attended one in Cracow, openly advertised by posters around the city. A large hall was packed with a well-dressed middle class crowd. The bidding was fast and prices generous. Some of the paintings seemed of extremely limited artistic quality and one had a sense of artists thankful finally to sell pictures that otherwise would have stayed against a studio wall for many years.



What am I bid, comrade?

In fact Solidarity is not short of money. Members pay one per cent of wages as a subscription and most regional Solidarity offices have bank accounts healthily in credit. The problem is that they cannot buy anything useful with the cash. In Poland you cannot, for example, buy elementary organisational tools such as simple offset printing machines, ink, paper, or even staplers and staples. All these are desperately needed as gifts from trade unions outside Poland.

Some well-meaning Maoists in Norway sent a sophisticated lightweight rotary offset press to Gdansk but it lies there unused as key parts are missing and the instruction book has not been translated into Polish.

Gdansk

Solidarity's national headquarters are in a hotel in a busy shopping street. There are queues to buy badges and shoppers pause to look at a window display by the hotel entrance. Lech Walesa's tiny two-room office is at the top of the five-story building. In one room a long line of people wait to see him with a burly assistant cum bodyguard keeping friendly order.

Walesa's own room has a sink in the corner, a crucifix and Polish eagle on the wall and more than four people in it makes it seem crowded. He has a friendly, cheerful authority. 'Be frank with us', he says. 'We don't know about trade unions. Tell us what mistakes we are making.' He parries questions with professional ease, joking all the while.

Downstairs on the ground floor a national committee meeting is taking place. About 60 people, only two women. Technically the meeting is under the chairmanship of Andrezj Gwiazda, Walesa's deputy, but it is the national secretary of Solidarity, Anrzej Celinski who is doing most of the chairing, calling people to speak and introducing subjects. There is no printed agenda and western style rules of business are absent.

Despite the haphazard appearance of the meeting to someone used to the regimented control of a TUC Congress, business was got through, statements which were representative were issued and people went back to the regions with a sense that Solidarity was consolidating its organisation. Now the heady days of August are receding into golden memory, they feel the new union is here to stay and that nothing short of what no Polish worker wants to discuss can dislodge it. □

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When other people write-off severely disabled people it makes Owen Murray really mad.

PHOTO BY NORMA HARVEY

You can't really blame him.

In his spare time, Owen is a 2nd Dan Blackbelt in Shotokan Karate, a member of the British International Team. While at work, he's a foreman in a carton and box making factory.

Yet strictly speaking, Owen is disabled.

He lost a hand in an industrial accident about ten years ago. And just when it looked as if he'd be joining the ranks of the unemployed, he was recommended to come along to Remploy.

We were able to give him the opportunity and the training to get back to work again. As we've done for around 8,300 other people, handicapped by illness, accident, or a disability they were born with.

And from there, the unarmed combat, keep fit classes and the numerous other things he does to occupy his time, followed on.

Remploy is a big industrial company, with 89 factories in industrial communities all over the country. And Owen, like his many thousands of disabled colleagues, is helping to produce over 150 different products and services.

Last year alone, their combined efforts paid off to the tune of £33 million pounds in sales.

You can't write off a figure like that. Or at least, as far as Owen's concerned, you can't.

And we're sure you'll agree.

Because frankly, it's not a good idea to annoy him.

Remploy

Britain's biggest employer of severely disabled people is part of the International Year of Disabled People.

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DIPLOMACY

The war of the words

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS explores the code language of the Cold War; and JUKKA RISLAKKI reveals opposite how the right-wing Institute for the Study of Conflict redrew the map of Finland to make the Cold War look worse than it is.

WE ARE LIVING, not in a post-war world, but in a pre-war one. This fact, once recognised and stated, eclipses all other political problems, or at least puts them in a sharp perspective. But it is not recognised and stated. There are many reasons for this. One reason is that people who fear the coming war, and who try to communicate this anxiety to others, are suspected of being 'soft' on the great issue of freedom versus slavery. Language has an essential role in creating this mental atmosphere, and transforming a fool's paradise into an apparently healthy and justifiable existence.

Two of the cleverest keywords in the etymology of the Cold War are *appeasement* and *Finlandisation*. Both of them involve distortions of history, and the warping of current realities. Take appeasement first.

Some people may be astonished to learn that the term has no derogatory meaning in any known dictionary or lexicon. Indeed, its original coinage was complimentary; it was used to describe those post-Versailles policies which aimed at composing differences between the European powers. Fowler's *Modern English Usage,* as revised by Sir Ernest Gowers, lists appeasement under its heading of 'worsened words', saying:

> There is no hint in the OED definitions of anything discreditable or humiliating about that word. No one thought the worse of Aeneas for letting Cerberus have his usual sop.

Of course, usage must not be despised and, just as the word 'collaborator' has a sinister feel these days, so does appeasement. But as a way of describing Western foreign policy today, it will not do.

Appeasement, which began as a bland and praiseworthy term for (usually futile) post-war reconciliation, ended as a curse word for those who had tried vainly to 'buy off' Hitler and Mussolini, betraying democracy in the process and actually speeding the advent of the war it hoped to avoid. In its new incarnation, it applies to those who do not want war with the Soviet Union, and especially those who do not want that war to be fought with nuclear weapons. Since most such people were and are highly antagonistic to fascism, the echo of 'appeasement' could hardly be more unsettling from an ideological point of view.

It is often made out that the 'appeasement' faction in the governments of Britain and France were just moral cowards, who wanted a quiet life and were prepared to make shameful accommodations with fascism in order to do so. The New Right of today (whose ancestors, by the way, weren't all that keen on fighting Hitler in the Thirties) tries to update this into a crude analogy. According to them, especially those who have speed-read Solzhenitsyn, the West is craven and supine in the face of Russian expansion. Guilt feelings about colonialism and materialism have prevented the necessary response from being made, while liberals and socialists have eroded the will to resist. What we need is a tough external policy coupled with some rugged treatment for internal dissent.

WHAT, IN FACT, did appeasement consist of? In the first place, and most importantly, it consisted of a widespread *sympathy* in high places for the aims and methods of fascism. Men like Sir Samuel Hoare, who signed a naval treaty with Hitler in 1935 (on terms hugely advantageous to the Nazis) and who became ambassador to Franco's Spain, were not just anxious to make peace with fascism, but to make an *alliance* with it.

A large bloc of Conservative MPs voted, consistently and consciously, to let Mussolini have Abyssinia and to allow Franco to have his way in Spain. They voted, with their eyes open, to let Hitler have Rhineland and Austria and an increased military machine. The Anglo-German Fellowship, which funnily enough held its first dinner for the President of the German Olympic Committee, boasted well over a dozen Tory MPs among its members, and had an unabashed pro-Nazi programme. Many other Establishment figures ornamented its letterhead, with prominent businesses such as Dunlop, Unilever, Lazard and Guinness Mahon enrolled as corporate members. As late as 19 November 1938 the Council of the Fellowship passed a unanimous resolution to:

> Prosecute its efforts to maintain contact with Germany, as being the best means of supporting the Prime Minister in his policy of appeasement.

The hope, of course, was that Hitler could be induced to turn his legions against Russia; most of the pro-Nazis were simple anti-Communists whose world-view had been crazily warped by their obsession with the Bolsheviks. But what possible analogue of their activities can be found in the present day?

Another characteristic of appeasement was its betrayal of those who were resisting Hitler. The abandonment of the Spanish Republic is the best-known example, but of course the Abyssinians, Albanians and Czechs were bargained away as well. It was not thought, even by the non-fascists in the appeasement lobby, to be worth fouling up Anglo-German relations for the sake of small peoples.

This is hardly the reality today. There is scarcely a country too insignificant to be protected from the Russian embrace — often without the formality of a request for such aid from the country concerned. Spain beseeched the democracies for aid for three bloody years. But Vietnam, Chile, Cambodia, El Salvador and countless others have been aided almost to death without so much as a by-your-leave. Meanwhile, hairtrigger thermonuclear weapons are pointed day and night at every city and population centre in Russia. Did Hitler, when he made his plans for expansion, face appeasers like this? If Carter is Chamberlain, then what or who was Brzezinski? And what will Reagan be — Winston Churchill?

'FINLANDISATION' is an even more disreputable analogy. It is perhaps best defined by one of the most dogged anti-Communist writers, Walter Laqueur, who calls it:

> That process or state of affairs in which, under the cloak of maintaining friendly relations with the Soviet Union, the sovereignty of a country becomes reduced.

In fact, the term was first used by Richard Lowenthal, then Professor of International Relations at the Free University of West Berlin, and a frequent analyst and writer for *Encounter*. He employed the word in a seminar in Vienna in 1966, held by the Institute for Strategic Studies. In his paper, Lowenthal postulated a possible breach in the Atlantic Alliance, caused either by American withdrawal or Western European distrust. In this situation, he argued, there would neither be Soviet intervention nor social revolution. But there would be a recasting of relations between Europe and Russia, leading to an internal political situation on the model of Finland. 'Finlandisation' was born.

I have had the chance to talk about this term with Professor Lowenthal. He tells me that he is extremely depressed at the use made of his coinage — especially by Strauss. 'Arrant nonsense' was Lowenthal's phrase for the way in which Finland has been accused of appeasement and of selling its independence; let alone of providing a model whereby the entire West should follow suit.

Finnish history has been rather special. In one sense, it could be argued that without Communism there would be no Finland to be Finlandised; after all the country was a Grand Duchy of the Russian Empire until 1917, and only when Lenin took power were Finnish claims to independence given a hearing. The resulting White versus Red civil war led to a terrible polarisation in which for many years, native fascism held the upper hand and many Finnish workers looked to the Soviet Union as their natural ally. This unusual period, which includes the Mannerheim dictatorship and the alliance of Finland with the Nazis against Russia, still has echoes today. Although deeply divided, the Communist movement is strong and a large element in it is absolutely slavish to the Soviet Union. There is no other country in Europe (with the partial exception of Portugal) where fellow-feeling with Russia as a country plays such a part in political life.

Professor Laqueur, in his essay *Europe: The Spectre of Finlandisation,* does not once deal with this aspect of the matter. For him, Finnish history begins with the Russo-Finnish war of 1939, though even then he ignores the 25 per cent of the votes won by the Communist Party in 1946. It is a pity that Professor Laqueur is so ahistorical, because there are many murky episodes in the relationship between Finland and the Soviet Union.

For instance, after the 1918 civil war, the area of Karelia opted to become a part of the Soviet Union. It existed in a kind of semi-autonomy until Stalin's purges, when it was Russified and cleansed physically of all independent-minded Communists. Elsewhere in the USSR, the large Finnish left-wing exile community was massacred and deported,

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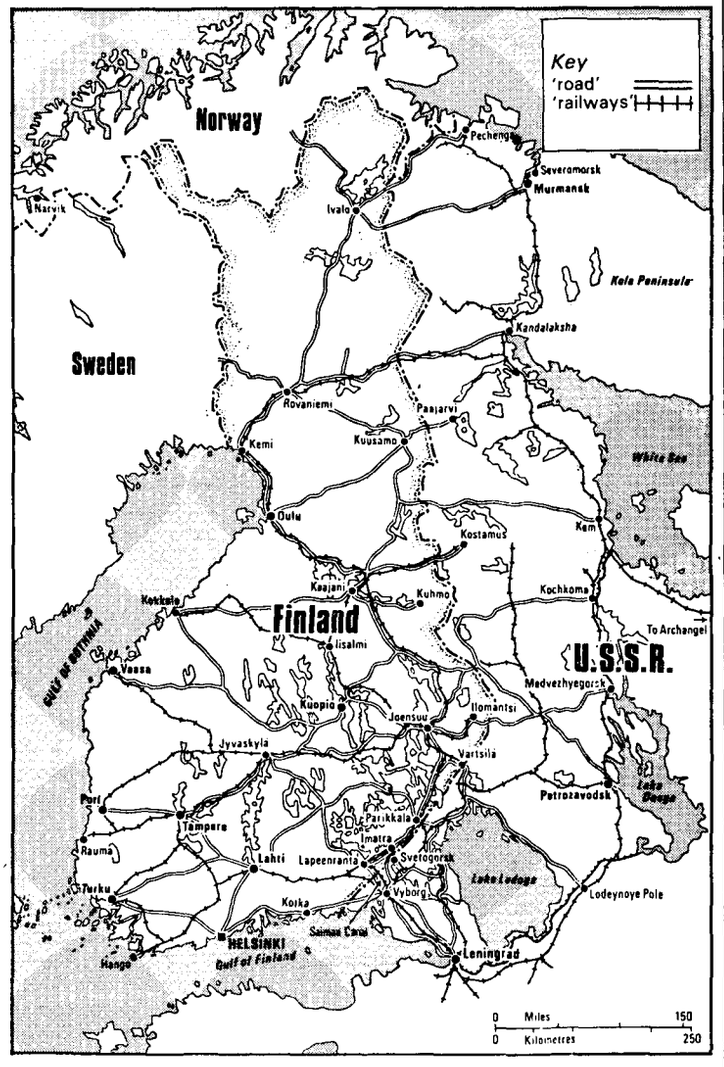
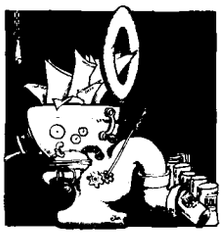
Cooking the maps:

an official map of Finnish railways (left) designed for real travellers, compared with the ISC version (right) designed for phantom Russians.





The bullshit machine 2

Jukka Rislakki

The Institute for the Study of Conflict on Finlandisation

FINLAND IS a 'military outpost for the USSR', according to a British-published booklet on 'The Reality of Finlandisation'. This booklet, prepared by the right-wing lobby group the Institute for the Study of Conflict (ISC), is a remarkable tissue of distortions and lies. On this sort of basis has been erected the cold-war spectre of 'Finlandisation'.

The outright lies in this account may be graph ically illustrated. The author, a pseudonymous 'V. I. Punasalo', alleges that: 'There are six railway routes from Russia into Finland, which has also built several east-west roads across its territory.' A map on page 8 of the ISC booklet (above right) illustrates the general assertion that Finland's road and rail highways run primarily from east to west and exist to support a Soviet invasion of western countries.

This map may usefully be compared with that available from the Finnish Tourist Office (above left). The ISC maps omits all the major lines from north to south. This has a number of intriguing effects; in particular, according to ISC and its Finlandisation experts, Finnish State Railways, in their eagerness to serve Soviet ends, have omitted to provide any railways whatsoever to or from the capital Helsinki. There are no lines going north from either Helsinki or the second city, Tampere. One route that is shown, running north-east from Tampere, was not in existence when the ISC map was drawn.

The situation for roads is, if anything, worse. The biggest road in Finland, the European E4 highway running north to south, has vanished from the ISC map. So has the main coastal road. In its place have arrived a maze of highways and tracks leading eastwards. A few of them don't appear in any road map. Some are used — and useable — temporary dirt tracks only part of the year by companies with luctrative jobs in Soviet Karelia. A number of old road naturally exist in the border area, since the border itself has shifted.

Overall, ISC claims there are 'six' railway crossings into the USSR — news to the clearly inattentive Finnish Border Guard, to whom I have spoken, who only know of four border crossings altogether along the long, 1360 km Soviet-Finnish border. There are more border crossings into both Sweden and Norway, despite the much shorter borders.

ISC even manages to convert at least two east-west rivers into major roads on their remarkable map. History suffers a similar fate to geography in their hands. They make much, for example, of the railway links, noting that the gauges are identical. This is indeed true. Finland, 118 years ago when the first railway was built, was a Grand Duchy of Czarist Russia. The major portion of the railway network was constructed before 1917, let alone the 1948 Friendship Treaty.

The ISC reports asserts that a section of track leading to the Kostamus iron mine in the Soviet Union is 'clearly built for military purposes'. They ironically overlook the fact that one railway in the north was indeed built east-west, and for military purposes. It was built by Nazi Germany who used it to attack the Soviet Union in June 1941.

leaving only the hack leader Otto Kuusinen as a mouthpiece for 'Red Finland'. As a partial result of this, the Finnish Communists were not able, like their comrades in France, Greece and Italy, to mount a resistance campaign against German occupation. Their participation in the post-war government of national reconstruction was a mixed affair combining Stalinism with opportunism, but after the takeover in Czechoslovakia the party was booted out of office.

Most major parties in Finland take the view that the Soviet Union should be criticised as little as possible. Thus, in international relations, the Finnish vote is either not cast, or cast in rough conformity with the votes of the Warsaw Pact. This may well be what Professor Laqueur says it is — a shameful want of principle on the part of the Finnish government. But it does not result from a fear of invasion or occupation if they should take a differing view. It comes from a deep-rooted ambiguity in the Finnish attitude towards the USSR. This ambiguity has deep historical origins, which have left the Finns very jealous of their independence and very divided as to whether Russia is an ally or a threat. No other nation in Europe has any comparable relationship with Moscow, so that the idea of 'Finlandisation' is chimerical and dishonest. From the Finnish viewpoint, these are the happiest years their country has known, and they have not had to sacrifice pluralism to consolidate security.

These two examples of the use and abuse of words may seem trivial and pedantic, but they may also help to clear up some of the mental litter left around by the propagandists of the war to end war.

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RAILWAYS

MICK HAMER discloses Sir Peter Parker's strategy

Bargaining for BR's future

BRITISH RAIL and the railway unions have high hopes of getting more investment money from the government — including a doubling of the electrified railway — when they meet Transport Minister Norman Fowler. In exchange the railways and the unions will offer the minister improved productivity — enabling him to argue that he is getting better value for money out of the railways. It was this joint approach that Sir Peter Parker saved last week with his dramatic personal appeal to the ASLEF executive, which decided to suspend its threatened strike over cuts in train services.

The meeting is likely to be a turning point for the railways — although the direction of the turn has yet to be established. All sides have indulged in brinkmanship. Sir Peter Parker, BR's best chairman for years, has staked his personal position. Fowler asked him to take a second term of office but Parker has yet to make a decision. However, the decision cannot be far off for his contract ends in September. Both ASLEF and the NUR are threatening to strike if more money is not found. For his part Fowler has held up the approval of any new railway investment since August.

The railways' hand will be considerably strengthened by the publication towards the end of the month of a three year joint review by BR and the Department of Transport of railway electrification. The report will recommend a large increase in electrification, bringing the proportion of electrified network from its present level of 23 per cent to over 40 per cent.

This implies the electrification of major trunk routes such as London to Bristol, London to Edinburgh and Birmingham to Taunton. The report will show that the real benefits of electrification come when the network is large enough to reduce the need to change locomotives — particularly on freight trains. The report's recommendation of a rolling programme — the parallel with the motorway rolling programme is intentional — is a major victory for BR.

However BR does not itself have the money to finance even a small rolling programme. It is so short of cash that it has stopped essential track maintenance work on 3,000 miles of line — the list of lines is almost identical with the rural railways in the last, (1978) closure scare which caused Fowler to commit himself to keeping the lines open. As the track deteriorates, trains on these lines will have to go more slowly, until in three or four years time they will have to be closed because they are unsafe.

The railways' shopping list comes in two separate parts. The first is an immediate increase in investment of £50 million, by raising the external financing limit for 1981/2 from £920 million to £972 million. This will solve the immediate problems and allow — for example — rural lines to be maintained, and rule out the forced sale of assets — such as the hotels.

Secondly, and more importantly, the railways will push Fowler to put certain investment outside the cash limit. The precedent for this is the soon-to-be hived off subsidiary Sealink. Its new jumbo ferries will not count as part of the cash limit. The railways want to extend this principle to cover major items like electrification and the channel tunnel, if, after 176 years that scheme gets under the ground.

The scheme that BR is working on is to set up an electrification fund. Major companies, such as GEC and BICC, with an interest in electrification, would set up the fund, getting both a return on their investment and a share of the work. But for this fund to work it would need to be outside the cash limits.

The case for greater investment is further strengthened by an International Railway Journal survey of world railway investment, published last week. It shows that BR's capital spending at £306 million a year lags far behind most other countries — such as Germany (£918 million), France (£827 million) and even Belgium (£346 million) which is only a quarter of the size of BR.

In BR's corporate plan, which describes the present investment limits as setting the railways on a 'disaster course' the Board 'had to take the decision in this Plan as in that of last year to ignore the formal limits on investment, from which it has so far not been possible to budge government.'

The productivity part of the deal consists of long term and short term measures. The long term measures — such as one man operation on the Southern Region — tend to depend on investment (the replacement of existing trains with the new trains with sliding doors) and a considerable degree of trust being built up between management and unions during the period when short term productivity improvements are being implemented.

By 1985 BR plans to reduce its staff by 38,000, with the bulk of these savings coming from the railways and not the subsidiary businesses. BR hopes to save 5,000 jobs by closing the parcels collection and delivery service. A further 9,000 jobs will go with the rationalisation of freight services, with the closure of under-used marshalling yards.

The unions have not been happy with these closures but hope to use their acquiescence as a bargaining tool to secure the future of the railways. The last of the three main short term proposals is to move to the continental railway rostering system of choosing any five days from seven. At the moment BR works on five days from six, with Sundays being compulsory, but attracting overtime. Under the new system the basic pay rate would be increased to take account of the loss of overtime. Total earnings would not change. But this change would probably have to be introduced piecemeal —because of local opposition.

The package looks attractive. But the minister's rather uncertain hands are controlling the points. □

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MIDDLE EAST

Iraq leaves the pro-Soviet camp

A special correspondent analyses Baghdad's shifting alliances

SADDAM HUSAIN, the ruler of Iraq, is the veteran of some 12 years' anti-imperialist speechifying. But, almost at the heart of the Gulf war, Khomeini claimed to perceive 'the hand of America' emerging from 'the sleeve of Iraq'. The mere presence in Baghdad of a posse of ex-SAVAK generals — together with Mr Shapour Bakhtiar, the Americans' favourite candidate as successor to the Shah — does not prove the allegation. But, as the war grinds away, what estimates can we make about the real political trajectory of the Iraqi regime?

Husain's government, fully in control of the machinery of repression and coercion, is relatively secure but wholly isolated from the mass of the population. Since the departure of his predecessor Ahmad Hasan al-Bakr in July 1979, and the execution of his own main rivals later in the same month, Saddam Husain has concentrated power into the hands of his own family, and built a vast personality-cult around himself.

Over the past few years, as the result of a campaign of brutal repression almost unparalleled in the contemporary Middle East, the Baghdad government has lost the support of the Communists, the Kurds substantial sections of the Shi'i population — Iraq's largest sectarian

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group — and important sections of the Ba'th Party. Amnesty International estimates that Iraq has the sad record of having carried out the largest number of political executions of any country in the region.

Although Baghdad dutifully proclaimed its support for the Iranian revolution, the regime was profoundly disturbed by the emergence of a militantly religious government in Teheran. These fears have turned out well-founded, since Khomeini has been able to capitalise on the hostility of many Iraqi Shi'is to their government. It is easy, but misleading, to describe this hostility as purely sectarian.

Firstly, the organisational structure of Shi'i Islam provides a handy umbrella for much opposition that can find no other expression: second, Shi'i religious opposition as such derives from the view that Saddam Husain's government is un-Islamic. The fact that many of the government's leading members are Sunnis is almost irrelevant, since they cannot be said to be following a 'Sunni line': to religious Sunnis their activities are highly offensive.

Camera Press

Saddam Husain surrounded by friends

DESPITE the confusion of post-revolutionary Iran, the profoundly anti-American character of the regime is not seriously in doubt. In contrast, Iraq (behind a screen of rhetoric) has steadily moved from a generally pro-Soviet and 'socialist' position to one of much ambiguity. Domestically, there is no pretence of any common front with the Communist Party, still the most articulate section of the Iraqi left. It has strengthened the private sector, especially in manufacturing and construction, and has abandoned any serious attempt to make the country economically self-sufficient.

Diplomatically, there are close relations with Jordan, Morocco, Oman and Saudi Arabia — though the Saudis are somewhat alarmed at the prospect of a vastly more powerful Iraq. Relations with Syria, Algeria, South Yemen, and above all Moscow are under strain. It would not be surprising if, in the long run, Iraq were to repudiate its treaty with Moscow for the sorts of reasons given by Sadat in the Egyptian case.

It is significant that Iraq has been trading on an oil-for-arms basis with both France and Italy over the past three years. A large consignment of French tanks and Mirage fighters was ordered several months ago, and France is helping Iraq to set up a nuclear industry (will this, in one of the world's richest oil-bearing areas, be used purely for generation of electricity?)

Iraq's trading-pattern was never one of close connection with the USSR, even during the honeymoon period. Today, the country's real commercial links are with the West, notably and increasingly with Japan and West Germany. At the same time, Iraqi malleability and Iranian hawkishness have been much in evidence during the last 18 months' OPEC proceedings.

The immediate object of the war, no doubt, was to unseat Khomeini and instal an Iranian regime more acceptable both to Baghdad and to the West. Shapour Bakhtiar's presence in Iraq fits with this proposition, as does that of Iranian officers like General Oveissi, who have been assisting the Iraqi high command in operational planning.

But beyond this, a swift victory would have vastly enhanced the personal position of Saddam Husain, and enabled him to present himself as the true defender of the Arab nation. From a position as master of the Gulf, it would be credible to seek the leadership of the Arab world as a whole.

Something of that scenario — one which accords well with Husain's astonishing personality-cult — may yet be enacted. But it is also clear that the Iraqis were almost entirely unprepared to encounter substantial resistance from an army and air force which was not quite so weakened as their intelligence sources had led them to suspect. No doubt, also, purges and forced retirements have over the years taken considerable toll of the Iraqi armed forces.

Whatever its outcome, the war — and the last few years' development of Iraqi policy — shows once again that in the contemporary Middle East, rhetorical vehemence provides a poor guide to the practicalities of political and military action. □

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Punch OUT TODAY

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Pragmatist v demagogue

DAVID MANDEL in Jerusalem on the prospects of Shimon Peres

BARRING the unexpected, Israel will soon be the first western parliamentary democracy in several years to replace a rightist government with a social-democratic one, at least in name. But the working class in Tel Aviv is far from exuberant, and despite their public confidence, Labour Party leaders betray trepidation at the obstacles they will have to face.

First of all, the election is not yet won. Polls show a large Labour lead, enough to indicate an absolute majority for the first time in Israeli politics. However, the largest bloc of the electorate still registers as 'undecided'. At least two 'centre' parties are likely to seek these voters: one encompassing stragglers from the splintered Democratic Movement for Change, a 'good government' conglomeration of 1977 vintage, and the other Rafi, re-established by recently resigned finance minister Yigael Hurvitz. Despite his hawkish opposition to Camp David in 1978, Hurvitz still hopes to unite with Moshe Dayan, the accord's architect and now a political loner. Ezer Weizman, also now partyless, is courting Dayan as well.

Moreover, Menahem Begin can be counted on to campaign fervently against Labour, reverting to his more familiar demagogic stance learned as opposition leader. He will accuse Shimon Peres of willingness to 'cede Israel's heart' — the West Bank — to an 'Arafat-ist state'.

Labour has no easy answer to the 'charge'. The party's leading doves, who do want to return most (not all) of the West Bank to Jordan, cannot reconcile their plan with King Hussein's public rejection of the idea and support of a PLO state. Nor does the plan fit with the 'autonomy' framework set by Camp David, also enthusiastically embraced by the Labour doves. And meanwhile, the hawks in Labour are still attacking the peace treaty with Egypt as having given away too much.

PARTY LEADER Shimon Peres, ironically, was an early advocate, in the mid '70s, of something along the lines of Begin's current restrictive autonomy plan for the Palestinians. As defence minister in Yitzhak Rabin's cabinet, he sometimes sponsored the Gush Emunim settler extremists to embarrass his rival. But always a pragmatist above all, Peres managed to sound more dovish than Rabin in the recent leadership struggle. The latter, who won only 28 per cent of the Party vote at the convention in December, found his base among the ex-Ahdut Avoda faction, which includes most of the Labour-affiliated settlers in the occupied territories.

The main reasons for Rabin's defeat, however, were personal. Doves and hawks backed both candidates, and the challenger presented no ideological alternative. His attacks on Peres were cheap and vindictive, and he could not overcome the fact that his administration of 1974-77 was tainted by Mrs Rabin's illegal US bank account and various other corruption scandals (though they pale beside current allegations against Likud government ministers).

With the help of public relations specialists, Peres is managing to present a fresh, clean and creditable image, and though some accuse Abba Eban and other Labour doves of opportunism in backing Peres, their support has overcome his past ultrahawk stigma.

Nevertheless, neither Peres nor the Party has a clear plan to deal with Israel's foreign policy challenges. They formally oppose 'rule over an unwilling Arab population', but they reject withdrawal to the 1967 lines, making agreement with any Arab partner remote. In a significant semantic change from the days of Golda ('there are no Palestinians') Meir, Labour now calls for talks with Palestinians who 'recognize Israel and agree to cease terror'. But in the same breath, it explicitly rules out any dealings with the organisation recognised by that people and most of the world: the PLO.

Unburdened by the Likud's mystical-nationalist fervour, Labour will try to avoid many of Begin's ultra-provocative moves in the West Bank, and will attempt to appear more responsive to international opinion.

But Labour will be limited in any serious attempt to cede territory and dismantle settlements by the internal monster it has helped to create. A strong lobby of Golan Heights settlers in the Party would oppose any initiative towards Syria, for instance, and Begin will be sniping from the opposition benches again. As additional insurance against further withdrawals, some cynics charge, the outgoing government recently agreed to grossly inflated compensation for north Sinai settlers who will have to move next year when the area is returned to Egypt.

ANOTHER MONSTER with which a Labour government will have to deal is Israel's economic mess, more responsible than any foreign policy question for Labour's fall from power in 1977 and the Likud's unpopularity today. To highlight the main problems: triple-digit inflation for two years running; rapidly rising unemployment; an immense and still growing trade deficit; direct military expenditures consuming one-third of the state budget and debt servicing another third; chronic stagnation and low productivity in most of the country's industry.

Various 'liberalisation' moves, many already being rescinded, by Likud finance ministers (both driven out of office) have backfired. But one 'achievement' has been a major drop in real wages over the past 15 months — between 8 and 15 per cent, depending on which statistics are used.

Shimon Peres: occasional socialist

The Labour Party will certainly cite this fact in its campaign. But it will have to tread gingerly, for the Histadrut Workers' Federation, controlled by a Labour majority, has failed to fight militantly against the fall in the standard of living of most of its members. Part of the explanation is certainly tactical — the worse things get now, the less votes the Likud is likely to garner, and the easier it will be to raise salaries somewhat after taking office without imposing an even greater burden on the economy.

But the very line of thought implied in these calculations is symptomatic of the utter lack of a social conception, even along the lines of the British Labour mainstream, in the Israeli party. There is no overall plan to deal with unemployment and inflation, no talk of nationalisation, not even a commitment to reverse the Likud foreign currency and import liberalisations. Past defence budgets under Labour were no smaller, and the Party's spokesmen were among the loudest critics of even half-hearted attempts by the recently resigned Hurvitz to cut current military spending.

Shimon Peres, who left the Labour Party in 1965 with the pragmatist, 'statist' Rafi (along with Ben-Gurion, Dayan and Hurvitz), became known during that period for capsulizing the group's social programme in a slogan: 'A car for every worker.' In 1970, after returning to the fold with most of the faction, he still insisted: 'I am not a socialist. I am a social-democrat.' Today, after cultivating ties with European members of the Socialist International as leader of the opposition, Peres no longer hesitates to employ the term. But he and the Party still have no ready answer to the problems of the system which Labour built: capitalist-based production with heavy reliance on the state for finance and services, astronomical military expenditures, and integration into the more highly developed, European branch of the world economy.

Even if a Peres government somehow manages to ride out the autonomy talks and maintain the peace with Egypt, or if it proves more flexible than expected and moves towards a real settlement of the Palestinian problem, it will still face a restive public of wage earners at home. This reality will be even sharper if the threat of war and random violence which pervades Israeli life subsides. And finally, it will be even harder for Labour to blame its economic failings on four years of Likud mismanagement than it was for Begin and his partners to hang their difficulties on the first 30 years of uninterrupted Labour rule. □

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Diary

ROB ROHRER

■ Diary followers will know the difficulties I have faced trying to convey editorial copy from the centre of the universe to Great Turnstile. The GPO's miserly closure of the Liverpool Telex Office forced me to try carrier pigeons, a new-fangled facsimile transmission machine, and the British Rail Red Star sleight-of-hand parcels service.

Now wherever I travel friends are solicitous about my well-being to the point of making discreet inquiries about the nearest pigeon-loft, cleft-stick stockist etc. During the Christmas holidays my equal half was browsing her way along the backstreets of Castletown in the Isle of Man when she passed the record shop which sells bread: or is it the bakery that sells records? Just beyond this she found the log shop. Inside was the log man, dressed in boiler suit and blue bobble hat. And there behind him she spotted it, tucked away in a corner, a gleaming, recent-vintage, well-oiled telex machine, for public use.

In the shop door a small card listed the opening hours, then told callers to 'knock next door' at any other time. And when I presented myself one evening to telex pressing intelligence to London, Keith Collister, the log man, offered me a ruddy Manx smile and the choice of a cup of tea or a 'wee dram' while I pounded away at the keys. British Telecom might like to note.

■ There are though, as Keith pointed out, pitfalls awaiting unwary telex amateurs. He'd not long had the machine when a commodity broker, shipping a vast lake of whisky to Spain, came on the phone to generate the necessary paper contact with the Isle of Man. The orders were in pounds sterling and Keith happily transmitted them to the Spaniards. Only problem was the Spanish telex machine prints a dollar sign instead of a pound sign and £35,000 — representing a lot of hooch — nearly swilled away in the exchange.

■ New York Cosmos will discover as they negotiate with ageing Southampton superstar Kevin Keegan that he is one of the few footballers whose brain is more than a shin's length away from his studs. Keegan nurses his purse strings as much as his defective hamstrings.

Several years ago when he bolted off to the Bundesliga Keegan's financial advisers told him to sign up simultaneously with the Isle of Man dodgers: in preference, he told me at the time, to a Dutch Antilles outfit where the tax rate was a fractional 2.4 per cent. The footballer obediently set up three offshore companies — Kevin Keegan Investments, Kevin Keegan Enterprises, and Kevin Keegan Sports and Leisurewear — and made no attempt to keep the team sheet out of sight (Kev and Jean are both shown as directors): registered office is at Victory House, Douglas, built by Judah Binstock, himself no stranger to the byways of the tax laws.

But grateful though he was to the Isle of Man our Kev still couldn't resist a little spot of scheming off the ball. He began dabbling, I see from his accounts, in what the Manx have christened the Sark Lark. This is a way of avoiding paying even Manx tax (which, after all is only 20-odd per cent). It's done by re-siting the offshore company's boardroom in some obscure place where tax is unheard of, and appointing local directors. The island of Sark, in the Channel Islands, is ideal for this because residents pay no tax. The Keegans, therefore, were duly replaced by two Sark women, who when they aren't acting as directors look after pigs and cows.

I notice from Kev's latest returns that his Sark directors have resigned — perhaps because he's come back home for a bit or because the Manx are getting restive about the Sark Lark. If Mighty Mouse does zoom off to the Cosmos watch this space for details of his next tax strip.

■ Merseyside police let the first anniversary of my zebra crossing incident pass quietly last week. If you remember, two patrolmen inexplicably accosted me in broad daylight and warned me I would be done for 'loitering on a zebra crossing'. I have heard nothing since. But I am a good deal less mystified about why it happened. The lads must have been avid students of David Powis, a Deputy Assistant Commissioner at the Met, who has written a delightful police field manual entitled 'The Signs of Crime'. Powis tells rookie cops what to 'watch for':

> Watch for any person who seems nervous of you . . . flushed faces . . . someone perspiring unnaturally . . . a person who shows an unnatural lack of concern for your sudden presence or who is unusually overfriendly or fawningly servile . . . and those who adopt the bold approach and ask the correct time.
>
> Watch for the possession of 'these are your rights cards' by loiterers generally. Obviously they will be carried by persons who consider it at least possible they will break the law . . . male homosexuals, industrial and other agitators . . . Angry Brigade inadequates . . .

'Anyway,' pouts Powis, 'possession of such written matter often means subsequent false complaint against you. Be circumspect with intellectual malcontents: they can be bitchy and small-minded in these complaints.'

'Watch for the "athlete" dressed in a tracksuit, running about residential streets.' Experience, says Powis, shows they might be 'homosexual nuisances'.

But then Sniffer of the Yard really gets down to demonstrating his detective prowess. 'Use your nose,' he urges, 'the smell of semen is very distinctive . . . This smell in a vehicle, especially if stale, can be a pointer to a depraved style of living consistent with a life of thieving, prostitution or political "drop-out" activity.'

Don't say you haven't been warned. Tracksuited joggers using zebra crossings, looking short-sighted, and flushed, and asking passing bobbies for the correct time are in imminent danger of transportation to the colonies for all manner of political and sexual offences.

■ I wonder if Liverpool ratepayers will have to foot part of the libel bill for a Liberal electioneering stunt that misfired? I ask because I have just learned that David Alton, the Liberal MP for Edge Hill, has had to pay nigh-on £2,000 in legal costs to another Merseyside MP, Birkenhead's Labour man Frank Field.

The Birkenhead MP landed a writ on Alton when the Liberals accused the then-director of the Child Poverty Action Group of misusing CPAG money to further his political ambitions. It happened after a visit to Edge Hill constituency by Field, who once had brief hopes of becoming the Labour candidate there. Field subsequently contacted the Department of Education and Science, when he was no longer in the running for the constituency, and privately raised the question of the stigma attached to certain free school meal practices in a number of Edge Hill schools. The DES contacted Liverpool and news quickly reached Alton, deputy leader of the city's Liberals and parliamentary candidate for Edge Hill.

Alton exuberantly launched a pre-emptive strike. In a letter to Field he deplored the complaint, and said it had distressingly drawn the schools concerned into the limelight: one of Alton's beefs was Field's alleged use of CPAG resources and status for his personal political ends.

The letter's contents, however, splashed into the columns of the local newspapers some days before they reached Frank Field. Despite Field's protest that it was not *he* who had alerted the newspapers to the names of the schools, the Liverpool Liberals nonetheless moved a city council resolution criticising him and unwisely questioning the 'propriety' of CPAG's paid officers engaging in 'speculative reports in areas in which those same officials have political ambitions'.

The reason Liverpool ratepayers might find themselves shelling out for this folly is that I learn the Edge Hill member was not slow to embrace the city council as a co-defendant.

■ I only happened across the above tale because the Edge Hill MP is himself sueing someone — a governor of a local comprehensive who wrote a letter about Alton to the *Liverpool Daily Post*. Part of the out of court settlement in the Field v Alton case was that no one would be told about it unless Frank Field was asked about the final outcome. I was able to perform that small public service because the governor's husband — a former Labour councillor — had his long memory jogged by Alton's writ.

■ Jury duty is an uneventful affair if you happen to be a relative of Jimmy Kelly. Quite simply, you don't get a look-in. At Liverpool Crown Court not so long ago Bobby Kelly, Jimmy's brother, was recognised by a local policeman. This information was relayed to a prosecution barrister who objected when Bobby was first called. Thereafter, my ushers on the inside tell me, word was quickly muttered down the line and somehow Bobby wasn't 'randomly-picked' for any more juries that week.

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Some of the Bill's provisions are welcomed by the conservationists. It will tighten up the rules against killing most birds and taking their eggs. And it bans unsporting methods of hunting, such as machine-gunning foxes and hunting birds with helicopters. — *Observer* (Jill McQueen)

☐ A Cleveland church is offering couples on the dole cut rate wedding services. The Rev John Theobald, Rector of St Leonard's parish church in Loftus, will charge £48 for a full service from next January. A shorter service without hymns and heating will be £20 less. — *Guardian* (Margaret Hinton)

☐ Mr Philip Turner, 53, a former professional footballer, of Fforddlas, Rhyl, is so tired of being out of work that he has offered his services as a scarecrow to any farmer willing to hire him. — *Daily Telegraph* (G. Moor)

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FIRST PERSON

Arthur Marshall

Bow and pass on

THOSE OF US who, and for many months now, have been quoting from Kipling's poem 'If' the well-known lines which run 'If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on poor old Mrs Thatcher', will have been much cheered by our Prime Minister's election as Personality of the Year in a poll of Radio 4 listeners to the reliable *World at One, PM* and *The World This Weekend* programmes. One would have thought that, this time of all times, the Queen Mother's eighty blameless years and vast popularity would have got her first past the post but no, our good Mrs T streaked up the straight in front of her (I use 'streak' here in no disrobed sense), a very easy winner and for the second year running. For some strange psychological reason, I do not greatly care for the word 'gut' either in the singular or plural, and the modish phrase 'I had a gut reaction' I find revolting, but it is considered to be her guts that have been responsible for this triumph, a verdict with which I would be the very last to disagree.

Moving about the country as I do quite a lot, involved in this or that activity, I take a lively and partly professional interest in what people listen to on the wireless (the public are steadily realising that among the radio and TV availablilities there is very often more pleasure and interest to be got from sound rather than from sight) and it is plain to me that the nation still divides up precisely as it did when we had the Light Programme and the Home Service. I suppose that I should get into trouble if I were to talk about 'the working classes', though I would mean it in no derogatory, as would be assumed, way, so I will say instead that the lower income groups (but are they still?) used to listen, and all day long as visitors to their homes knew only too well, to the Light. For most of the rest, it was the Home. Experience tells me that it is largely the same thing now between Radios 1 and 2, and 3 and 4 (and if you don't believe me, creep about and listen at doors). All of which goes to show the loyalty of Mrs Thatcher's supporters and where such supporters mainly lie. How about a Radio 2 poll now? Saddle up Shirley Williams!

In point of fact, the estimable Mrs Williams came eighth in the race, which is good going with that electorate, and she wins one's warm approval in another connection. Politically discomforted on certainly one, and perhaps two, occasions, she nevertheless remains outwardly unruffled and at all times is a pleasing spectacle. But then she is a woman, and women have in general more sense than men. They are seldom childish, which adjective leads me on to our chubby yachtsman, the ex-PM. One so wishes that Mr Heath, similarly discomforted, would now abandon that grumpy, gloomy (any competent nanny would refer to it as 'a fit of the sulks') look and present, as far as still in him lies a pleasing spectacle too, especially when Our Leader is about. He was not present at one of her most important speeches (a cold, perhaps). As a Tory — and there's a startling confession for you! — I am really quite a bit ashamed of him. Sometimes at school, and in what many would consider the bad old days, an uncooperative boy who was in sore need of correction but was too fly and pi ever to be caught infringing a rule, was beaten for his 'general attitude'. Six of the best could well pay a dividend here. 'Bend over, Heath'. How tempting to think that there might be Bunter yells of 'Yarooooh!'

Would he run away? Having recently written on the subject, I now rather wonder to what extent girls, as well as boys, run or ran away from school. In addition to the legendary Eddie Bates whom I mentioned, all male absentees still thrill to the name of Esmond Romilly who, aged fifteen, not only removed himself illegally from Wellington but set up in London a revolutionary magazine and enlisted agents, notably the splendid Toynbee of Rugby, to support the crusade in other public schools. Some departures caused more stir than others. I was once told by a housemaster at what is known as 'a renowned school' that, on returning one day after morning classes to his house for lunch, he found a white-faced mother awaiting him. 'I've brought Douglas back' she announced, without preamble. *Back*? What on earth was this? And it was then discovered that Douglas had been away for 24 hours and not a soul had noticed it (name of school certainly not supplied on application).

AS TO GIRLS, I have had the ever joyous task of skimming yet again through the matchless works of Angela Brazil for a single sign of a runaway. They do not exist, and the reason is quite clear. Who could possibly wish to leave, for example, Kingfield High School (Headmistress, Miss Tatham. Senior Prefect, Lesbia Ferrars)? Then there is Rosevear Manor in Cornwall in *The School on the Moor* where Brenda finds herself in the Buttercup Dormy (school uniform: dark green serge, with a pale Liberty silk for summer) and under a topping headmistress, Miss Lindon ('Tall and rosy and looked as though she might be both athletic and intellectual', a feat beyond many). You'll want to be reminded about the rest of the staff. Miss Vernon (Roman History). Miss Pratt (Domestic Science, with Diploma in Cookery). Miss James (Botany rambles: 'I shall blow my whistle twice when it is time to return'). Miss Roscoe (Swimming and Resuscitations).

For somebody who would like to see women running the world (well, why not give them a chance?), there is to me something very endearing about schoolmistress's surnames. They somehow breathe reliability and kindness and efficiency and just plain goodness. How do these grab you? Miss Temperley, Miss Whetham (Games, and known as 'Whetty'), Miss Wrigley, Miss Bushby, Miss Jackman ('Jackie'), Miss Bloxham and Miss Bunch? Fact or fiction, would you say? As it happens, fact, and all appearing in a charming tribute to a very remarkable headmistress, Miss Brooks, once Britain's youngest headmistress and from 1928 to 1954 in command of Malvern Girls' College. The book, admirably written by Grace Phillips, friend of Miss Brooks and school secretary during her time (all enquiries concerning it to St Michael's Abbey Press, Farnborough), is called *Smile, Bow and Pass On,* which was Miss Brooks' advice to her charges on her hearing of 'mild cavorting' on the Malvern Hills with boys from the other famous Malvern school.

One warms immediately to any headmistress who, faced with that favourite school prayer for 'Those who teach, those who learn and those who serve,' points out that there is a highly important omission and that the most fervent prayer of all should be for 'Those who pay.' Indeed, everything about this distinguished woman is engaging — a Girton scholar, a Cambridge 'blue' for hockey (a solid presence in goal), an avant-garde Liberal and giving, in secret, financial help to staff members who were in a pickle. She could cope splendidly with such diverse matters as wartime evacuation and resettlement, and epidemics ('Dr Sutcliffe, Sister Leech and I have all had a merry little chat! All the measles are beginning to whoop and the whoopers are beginning to scratch'). She knew what to do when a group of girls announced that 'Matron has told us to report ourselves for plucking our eyebrows' (gated until the eyebrows grew). Sweeping down the corridors like some fine galleon, she was full of bright and stimulating ideas for improving both the quality of life and of teaching and she did what I, in my humble way, have often advocated, namely, to 'sit in' at classes and see what is going on.

All headmistresses, and headmasters, ought to be a little feared (it applies to heads of firms and businesses too) and Miss Brooks could deliver devastating broadsides when needed ('Haven't you got a best friend to tell you what you lack in social magnetism?'). Altogether an excellent woman, and now, alas, no more. No wonder the school prospered under her. I mean no disrespect to her memory by saying that Miss Brazil would have enormously approved of both her scholastic approach and her record. Need I say more?

Roger Woddis

Citation

When Mrs Thatcher visits the United States next month, she will receive the Donovan Award, established by veterans of the Office of Strategic Services, for rendering distinguished service in the interest of the democratic process and the cause of freedom.

She has served the cause of freedom,
She has raised the tyrant's yoke
From the shoulders of the humble
And the backs of decent folk,
Who are proud of being British,
And still more of being broke.

If the strong have cause to tremble
And the weak have cause to bless,
If the dawn of truth advances
And the shades of night regress,
It is thanks be to our Leader,
Not to say the O.S.S.

Let the joyful sirens greet her
Where the torch of freedom gleams,
Though receiving such a medal
Is more painful than it seems,
For it must be sheerest torture
Selling arms to some regimes.

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LETTERS

Man-talk

From Julian Jacobs

Doubtless Anna Coote is correct to say (*NS* 2 January) that linguistic usage was constructed by men and therefore oppresses women, but it is equally true that it was constructed by a minority of men and therefore has oppressed and oppresses men too.

Is there really such a thing as 'the world as women know it'? I cannot believe that women are such a homogeneous body, collectively untouched by class, education or other divides. This is unhistorical, and politically ambiguous in its denial of the complex ways in which both women and men have been conditioned.

To question this reductionist theory is not, of course, to deny that language, is motivated, or that journalism is chauvinist — both points are indeed unhappily illustrated by John McVicar's macho article in the same issue.

4 Haywood Court, Oak Lane, London NW11

From Fred Lamond

Anna Coote and Bruce Page are both right, but Anna Coote more so. Of course, individual differences are greater than sexual, social, national or racial differences. It follows that every individual should be considered for appointment or promotion, or listened to by his or her colleagues, on the basis of individual ability and achievements. No reader imagines the *NS* operating on any other basis.

Such a recognition of individual differences is in no way incompatible, however, with a perception of differences in *average* behaviour and accomplishment between identifiable human groups. No experienced traveller would deny that the average Italian, Arab, Indian or African appears warmer and readier to express his feelings than the average Englishman or Swede.

If climate and cultural inheritance can produce such differences in average behaviour, why should not the far more deep-rooted biological differences between men and women, especially their nature-ordained relationships to their offspring? Anyone who has raised children of both sexes sees the differences at once, little boys being more spatially competent and interested in things, little girls more verbal and interested in people. Surely there is also some significance that women's contributions to Western culture of the last 200 years have been primarily centred on the novel — especially those that describe the subtleties of human relationships — and on mystical or spiritual healing (Bernadette, Mary Baker Eddy)?

These differences between sexes, nations and races should be recognised and cherished as contributing to the diversity and richness of human experience, just as much as differences between individuals. To seek to deny them in the name of sexual, social or racial equality is to surrender to an unconscious sexual or cultural chauvinism. This takes the superiority of one's own mode of perceiving reality so much for granted, that it fears any recognition of difference of perception in the opposite sex or another nation or race would be tantamount to conceding their inferiority.

No *NS* reader would wish it to give up its painstakingly objective, factual and logical analysis of contemporary events, which combines the best of the *Sunday Times'* investigative reporting tradition with the *NS'* traditional libertarian and Socialist Humanist values. But Anna Coote is quite correct in describing it as a very male way of looking at events, and — which she didn't say — white Anglo-Saxon university-educated middle class male way at that. But it is also — as Bruce Page pointed out — the mode of thought of our political, financial and civil service establishments, and thereby probably the most effective way of influencing them and contributing to contemporary society's improvement.

60 Corringham Road, London NW11

From Anna Coote

I am grateful to Bruce Page for replying to my article, 'The Nature of Man-Talk' (*NS* 2 January). It's better to have this argument out in the open than to pretend it doesn't exist, as male intellectuals often do. But I can't let him have the last word!

According to Bruce, men talked for longer at the *NS* editorial conference by virtue of their wider and more active experience. On the male side that day we had one editor, one political editor, one staff writer with 10 years in journalism and one non-journalist MP. On the female side we had one deputy editor, one assistant literary editor, one freelance contributor with 20 years in journalism and one non-journalist (the editor's secretary who acts as a communications lynch-pin in the editorial department and conveys messages from those who cannot attend the conference). Does that justify a ratio of 33 minutes to eight?

Men use language to maintain their supremacy not only by talking more but also by controlling every point at which the language is recorded and disseminated. I argued that news values and other conventions of journalism would have been profoundly different if women had played a genuinely equal part in their development. Not because of any biological difference between women and men, but because of the way they have experienced the world from the moment they were born.

If there had been more women in journalism, they would not simply have increased the sum of talent (who decided what 'talent' was, anyway?) They would have brought with them their own, different experience and so helped to develop different values and conventions. It's hard to give examples, because it hasn't happened yet — but perhaps the relentless closure of facilities for children, the scandal of unequal pay, or the prospect of nuclear war would have taken on a new air of significance throughout the media.

It may be possible for the occasional genius to transcend in their writing the experience of their sex. But that does not diminish the point that most people *don't*. In any case, there is not a single, universal level of excellence to which women and men can aspire.

New Statesman

Bruce Page writes: Anna is welcome to go on adding 'last words' to this debate as long as either of us has something to say, and as long as we don't encroach too much on the space needed by others.

Anna reveals her *NS* fieldwork to be deeply skewed by the presence (admittedly not infrequent) of visitors. If the male MP is the one I'm thinking of, I'll guarantee him to talk the hind leg off any number of donkeys, sexual alignment regardless.

But I'm unsure now whether Anna is criticising Fleet Street news values, or *NS* ones. Have we really downplayed the issues of children's facilities, unequal pay — and nuclear warfare?

The great rose-tinted specs show contd

From David Scott-Holte

It's not my intention to enter the Kellner-Minford cabaret, but only to point out a greater truth, economic and social, in Professor Minford's latest number in your publication (Letters 2 January), which opened with an unenforceable caveat ('. . . it is really not particularly informative to take a single forecast of anything and say it was right, or it was wrong.'). For the following simple rider was missing; most people have to wager their forecasts, except economists who get paid like bookmakers.

25 Eagle Lodge, London NW11

From Julian Hawkins

A forecast does not merely summarise existing information. It depends on one or more hypotheses — at the simplest, that the model approximately corresponds to reality. The degree of error in the predictions is a test of these hypotheses.

Kellner's proposed theory is a valid theory, though vague. The way in which inflation rates have depended on the factors suggested could be tested statistically for a past period. If there were no significant correlations, the theory would be disproved. Therefore it is testable.

Since people do not have computers as minds, it is an approximation to assume they do not care about money values. Likewise that they always forecast using efficient methods. Both these assumptions may diverge greatly from reality.

How does the efficiency of the market prevent or deter people from investing when expected returns are negative, or disinvesting when positive. Some investors may not know of, or distrust, the forecast returns. Or, they may have nothing better to do with their money.

It is possible that all the wage researchers known to Patrick Minford are wrong. But I agree with him in denying that only the recession is reducing wage increases. I think it unlikely that only one cause can be importent in such a complex phenomenon.

Evidence for rational expectations cannot accumulate (according to currently accepted theories of knowledge) since it does not exist. Evidence can only disprove or not disprove — the latter is not the same as proving. I expect that other plausable theories consistent with the data could be contructed with quite different causal relationships, requiring different forecasting methods (and public policies).

33 Elderslie Road, London SE9

From Peter Marks

Professor Minford denies that it is the recession that is reducing wage increases, or at least that this is the only cause. He claims researchers have demonstrated that 'price expectations are the major determinant of wage increases'. Presumably these researchers have worked on statistics from past times which included no recession except that of 1974-5, which was far milder in the labour market than the present one. The question, surely, is whether at the present time the recession is not an over-riding influence.

If lower expectations are doing the job, why does the present Government, with the support of monetarist economists, persistently stress that wage negotiators who successfully press for high nominal wage increases are endangering their own jobs? Has Professor Minford tried taking some of his researchers away from their computers and sending them out to shopfloors where workers have recently settled for eight per cent or less? The question they should ask is: 'Did you settle for that figure because you thought that — thanks to wise government monetary policy — inflation was coming down that low, or because you feared you'd be out of a job otherwise?'

I suspect that, to the extent that monetary control leads to lower wage increases and lower inflation, it does so less through price expectations than through recession and fear of unemployment. We didn't need monetarists to tell us you could do it that way.

23 First Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex

Parliament of Fools

From Peter Lilley

Jack Straw's article (*NS* 2 January) contained one of the most callous statements by an MP which I have ever read.

He admits with brutal frankness that the Labour Opposition's 'public commitment to repeal and give security to all shorthold tenants (was) made in the knowledge . . . that the promise to give immediate security to all shorthold tenants once we returned to power would, of itself, deter some landlords, maybe many, from embarking (sic) down this road.'

In short, at a time of widespread homelessness and shortage of rented accommodation the Opposition has deliberately set out to frighten people with spare accommodation from making it available to the otherwise homeless. Mr Straw makes it clear that this manoeuvre was carried out simply to embarrass the Government and without an ounce of compassion for those left sleeping on park benches as a result.

40 Canonbury Road, London N1

Crazy crowd

From C Dunkley

I am afraid that the understandable joy expressed by Julian Barnes (*NS* 9 January) at the thought of Parky, David, Esther et al being limited to dawn appearances once breakfast TV starts was, to put it mildly, premature.

I have been assured by one of the very presenters involved that all their 'exclusive' contracts are exclusive only for 26 weeks out of each year's 52.

38 Leverton Street, London NW5

God is sophisticated...

We have received a large response from readers interested in discussing this article in the letters columns. We hope to run two Letters pages next week to give a full airing to the debate.

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Hermione Lee on Edmund Wilson, literary critic, historian & fact fetishist

A voracious curiosity

IN JANUARY 1934 Edmund Wilson jots down a conversation with his uncle Win Kimball, who has been complaining about the standard of food in New York clubs, and has gone on to tell this story:

> The man who went into the cafeteria, got a roll and ate half of it, and went upstairs to toilet — an old woman who watched for leftover food came in and got the other half — the man was found dead in the toilet and the old woman died outside. There had been prussic acid in the roll, the man had put it there himself. Now his family were suing the cafeteria in order to prove that it wasn't the fault of the man and be able to collect the insurance.

Uncle Win then talks about McCooey, the Tammany boss of Brooklyn. 'Someone who had been to the McCooeys' house said that they sat around at dinner and stuffed themselves like pigs.' Wilson records all this without making any comment on the horror of the story or on the irony of the juxtapositions. It's a passage entirely characteristic of the acquisitive, empirical approach of the journals, which consume whatever material is at hand and accord a very high respect to details — of fact, place, behaviour, even of gossip or atmosphere.

In the discussion on Wilson in Philip French's very useful and informative 'critical mosaic'*, Jason Epstein speaks of Wilson's impatience 'with metaphysics, with anything that wasn't concrete, that couldn't be discovered and proved, that you couldn't touch or see or pick up in your hands and look at'. Apparently this investigativeness was inherited: in *A Piece of My Mind* Wilson said of his father that 'from the moment he arrived in a city, he began asking people questions'.

Much of the material used for the essays and the books went down in note form in the journals. The Washington Progressive Conference in 1931, the visit to the Detroit Ford works, the Scottsboro case, the 1932 miners' strike in Pineville, Kentucky, the living conditions of the unemployed in Chicago, the baroque goings-on in Hollywood, the trip to Russia in 1935: all are **registered with the same non-committal appetite** for detail. One page, for instance, is a collection of Hollywood sayings ('Your scenario's all right, Miss —, but it lacks spontanooity — you take it and maul it over in your head awhile'); another lists the types, numbers, and motives of suicides in San Diego for 1930 and 1931 ('they stuff up cracks of doors, jump into the bay, drink Lysol or eat ant paste'); another records, as Orwell would do for Wigan in 1937, all the physical details of a Chicago flophouse ('lice "crumbs", bedbugs, spinal meningitis, nine cases') — details which are re-used, sometimes word for word, in *The American Jitters*. Though Wilson records the views of others on the Depression — a woman in California saying, in 1931, that 'she felt as if she were making the best of the last 24 hours of capitalism', the daughter of an old Washington family having hardly noticed the 'disintegration of society' in 1935 — he rarely uses the journals to record his own political attitudes, except for a long explanation of his decision to vote for the

Communists in the 1932 election: 'They alone at the present time are working in any impressive way to educate our wage-earning classes for the defeat of the Capitalist system.'

Wilson's specificity characterises his accounts of friends and acquaintances. He has an ear for the way people talk ('His use of "loathsome" — Harvard, no doubt') and an eye for intimate details. He notes the 'forest of dandruff cures' in Scott Fitzgerald's house, or the sadistic quirks of John Peale Bishop's dreadful wife Margaret: 'She had had the time of her life over the hurricane, as she loved to see things smashed and people hurt.' The 'taste' of a person, or a household or a social group, is frequently registered through what is being eaten: there's an analogy between Wilson's **interest in food and his gourmandising intellect.** The pleasure of an evening with the Dos Passoses at Truro is felt in these details:

> Supper of cold roast beef, Smithfield ham, potato, lettuce, canned asparagus-tip salad, Dos's special stuffed eggplant, toast made on bottom of frying pan, which gave it special richness and flavour. . . .

A visit to Allen Tate and Caroline Gordon in Tennessee involves 'corn bread, chicken gravy on waffles, sorghum and maple syrup'. 'New Deal' Washington is invoked by a 'high-bourgeois' dinner party:

> Strawberries that you dipped in a fig wine, then in sugar (would anybody but Dody ever think of a thing like that?); lamb chops, broccoli and Hollandaise, little hot muffins, delicious wine-flavoured jelly, salad with Roquefort-flavoured mayonnaise. wine, some kind of near-ice-cream frozen dessert.

or by stories of the Roosevelts' White House economies: **'Wretched dinner: consommé with** nothing in it, very tasteless lamb, canned corn **with pools of water in it — nothing to drink.'** There's no apparent difference in tone between these descriptions of dinner, the story of the man in the cafeteria and his poisoned roll, and Wilson's sexual encounters: indeed, food and female bodies often converge in his mind.

> Girls have gone back to corsets . . . Getting a woman out of one reminds me of eating shellfish.
>
> Stewart's Cafeteria: great jelly-filled roll from which, when I bit into it, the jelly ran all over the table like a menstruation.
>
> I felt her up with my fingers . . . and then the salmon fish cakes at dinner made me think tenderly of her.

Not a sentence which makes us think tenderly of *him*. A good part of these journals is about **sex, and here Wilson's detached investigation of detail can have an extremely chilling effect:**

> She kept getting on her knees and presenting her rump, which I was quite unable to cope with.
>
> I went to her breast . . . She tried to direct my attention to the right one, though I had started on the left.

But it would be a simplification to deduce an entirely cold analytical personality from Wilson's clinical system of notation. The journals reveal a man at once sensuously susceptible to the stuff of life, and almost neurotically anxious to order and control it. V. S. Pritchett, talking to Philip French about Wilson as a historian and critic, remarks on his 'addiction to record', his piling up of evidence 'in a way that seems to us to be fact-fetishism'. He puts this down to a 'real need', characteristic (he thinks) of Americans, to identify themselves and their history. The suggested relation here between a passion for detail and an anxiety about the self is telling, and it is nowhere more clearly demonstrated than in the remarkable section of the journals which follows the sudden tragic death of Margaret Canby, Wilson's second wife. It's revealing to see, on this occasion, how the mastering of detail is a means to the mastering of emotion.

Wilson deals with the death of Margaret by **putting into words every iota of what pertains to** her: his guilt, her 'cunning little thick body', her family, her 'champagne tastes', their drinking, **his dreams about her. It is an honest and** affecting testament which indulges in a more impassioned language than usual, a language that recurs years later (by which time he is married to Mary McCarthy) when he thinks

> of death, of a person who never again can reach one, that one never again can reach — you cannot hear her voice because it is no longer there — she is not somewhere far away now, even sitting alone, writing you a letter — she is no part of this house, of these houses, of any houses of people — she cannot make, cannot hear, a sound . . . if I cannot hear or hold that person, I would rather have silence alone.

*Of which only the section on Wilson concerns me here, though as a whole the book suggests interesting interrelationships between the three figures discussed.

The Thirties by EDMUND WILSON edited by Leon Edel *Macmillan* £12.50

Three Honest Men: Edmund Wilson, F. R. Leavis and Lionel Trilling: A Critical Mosaic edited by Philip French *Carcanet New Press* £6.95

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In the best tradition of the American man of letters (Emerson, Henry Adams, Mencken) Wilson's various kinds of writing fed into, and off, one another. (George Steiner points out, in *Three Honest Men*, that the *New Yorker*, which allowed Wilson such very long pieces, made possible his continual transformation of reviews into essays, essays into books.) *The Thirties* needs to be read in the light of *Axel's Castle, The American Earthquake, The Triple Thinkers, To the Finland Station* and the posthumous *Letters on Literature and Politics* for Wilson's extraordinary capacity for meshing the historical, the literary, the political and the personal to be fully appreciated. Jason Epstein, a friend of Wilson's, sums him up as a man of great appetite: 'Everything interested him; he had a voracious curiosity about all that happened in the world, such as I have never seen in anyone else.' □

Tim Mason

Ignoring Auschwitz

The Terrible Secret by WALTER LAQUEUR
Weidenfeld £8.95

FEW REVIEWERS — and I am not one — can assess this book's treatment of the unusually difficult source materials. We must wait for authoritative verdicts. In the meantime, *The Terrible Secret* is clearly both an interesting and a problematic work. Laqueur sets out to trace the halting progress of intelligence about genocide through every European country from the Soviet Union to Spain and the UK, in the USA and in Palestine, between June 1941 and December 1942. Within his chosen brief compass (the book was just a lecture some 12 months ago), this cartographical or encyclopaedic intention is at odds with the author's second concern, which is to examine *why* the various reports from occupied Eastern Europe were, for the most part, not believed, not fully assimilated into the consciousness of those who received them — whether these people were Western diplomats and journalists, International Red Cross officials, German soldiers and civilians, the leaders of still surviving Jewish communities in Europe, or the Pope.

These two concerns are clearly interdependent, for it would be pointless to ruminate about the reasons for disbelief or the repression of knowledge, if it cannot be demonstrated that plausible information was available. Laqueur gives more space to this demonstration than he gives to an analysis of the various impediments to understanding.

Although much can be learned from the book, this choice of emphasis is not, in the end, fully satisfying. First, as Laqueur himself warns us, the moving map of positive knowledge about genocide cannot be more than a fragmentary sketch: very many archives remained closed to him (still closed in 1979!); it was beyond his resources, perhaps also beyond his purposes, to make a really systematic examination of the records of the European press and radio stations; and he could not interview all of the actors who are still alive. Thus he proceeds by example. However, it is important to his argument that he present as many examples as possible — otherwise readers might not accept that inability to comprehend was indeed a general problem. Many transactions are recounted, all of them very briefly.

A close and detailed examination of disbelief or repression among a *few* chosen recipients of plausible information might have formed the basis for a richer interpretation of the main problem. Most important here was the question of the positions, the political and organisational situations, in which the recipients of information found themselves when they were told. How did the new and dreadful intelligence fit in with the tasks which they were carrying out and the goals which they were pursuing at that time? Were they in a position to take new initiatives, even if they could accept the veracity of the reports? Although Laqueur makes great efforts to control his indignation he is not consistently sensitive on this central point, and he does not give himself the space to portray the recipients of information in detail.

He shows more understanding of those Jewish community leaders in Poland, Slovakia and Palestine who clung to the hope of life and feared that publication of the facts would provoke the oppressor to greater enormities, than he does of Western officials or journalists. The outraged familiarity of these people with the *pre-genocide* pogroms and killings is probably understated in Laqueur's account, which ought to have begun in September 1939, perhaps November 1938, in order to get his readers into the mind of some of the central characters. What *was* familiar about Nazi racial policies in late 1941 was often bad enough. This burden of knowledge may actually have made it harder for Western élites to accept the first indications of a quite new Nazi policy of systematic extermination for what they really were. The new line of comprehension to be crossed was in fact a vast gulf. To cross it called not just for an imaginative sympathy with informants and facts, both often improbable; and not only for a capacity to abstract from the pressing concerns of the military conflict. It called also for that specific kind of concentrated attention and concern which alone produces sense and order out of various fragments of political intelligence, and constructs a provisional picture of obscure developments which places the isolated facts beyond disbelief or indifference.

NEITHER IN the West nor in the Soviet Union was the fate of European Jewry the object of *this* kind of concern and attention in 1941/42 (except in some of the Jewish organisations, which were often inhibited in their understanding). There were a few heroic individuals who read the signs correctly and pressed their case, but they were mostly refugees, outside the power structures of warring and neutral governments which had established no organisations for the express purpose of monitoring the Nazi persecution of the Jews: the issue did not fit into the established categories of politics and administration.

Here, Laqueur's fast-moving and neutral presentation is almost evasive. On four occasions between November 1941 and 1943, for example, (Sir) Frank Roberts of the Central Department of the Foreign Office was confronted with important reports or witnesses of Nazi genocide; in two of these instances Laqueur describes him briefly as doing his job, taking the material seriously and pushing it on, and in the other two he gives the impression that the diplomat acted with less urgency. But Roberts is portrayed here as an isolated individual, the almost random target of odd letters and reports. His position within the Central Department is left unclear, as too is the role of this department in the formulation of British policy on this issue. How much time did Roberts and his superiors devote to considering the persecution of the Jew? Who decided this? Did they regard it as the specific responsibility of the FO, or think that it belonged elsewhere in Whitehall?

THESE QUESTIONS about the conditions of knowledge add up to a background dimension which is lacking in Laqueur's account. He says that he is baffled by the accumulated evidence that people did not want to know, and that the available explanations are partial and inadequate. One way forward may be to focus on the conditions of knowledge, rather than on the individuals and the evidence available to them. This procedure is not inevitably exculpatory. It would, for example, have to give due prominence to the dominant ideologies and attitudes of the recipients of the information. In this context there is a curious omission in Laqueur's book: in his striving to be dispassionate he fails to mention those general anti-Jewish prejudices which were current in some political circles in the UK and the USA, and which may have disposed some individuals to take the first and second news of Auschwitz a bit lightly.

Laqueur uses the verb 'know' throughout in a loose way — for example, both of Germans who were confronted with one clear clue to the 'terrible secret' (e.g. dramatic shifts in the pattern of rail traffic), and of diplomats in London who failed to correlate different pieces of hard evidence with each other. But these were discrete types of event (or non-event). Knowing in politics has more to do with wanting or interest, and more to do with organisation than Laqueur's account allows; and these two are in turn closely related.

To want to know something is to want to do something — at the very least to want to share and diffuse what is known. The people who 'knew' in this particular political sense were those who wanted to do something against Nazi genocide. But do what? Demands for the bombing of the railway tracks to Auschwitz were already being made by refugees before Laqueur closes his account, but the main issue was whether or not to give major publicity to the available intelligence. Most responsible agencies hesitated long on this question, for reasons of which Laqueur gives a good account. These now seem quite misconceived, but the extreme difficulty of deciding what to do with the 'knowledge' was probably itself a major obstacle to acquiring it. Shmuel Zygielbojm, Jewish representative on the Polish National Council in London, knew/cared more than anyone, and he committed suicide in March 1943 'in protest against the general indifference shown with regard to the fate of the Jews in Poland'. It is hard to seek out knowledge if you think you are powerless to act on the knowledge, almost intolerable to succeed and remain powerless. Laqueur's distinction between knowing and doing seems a bit forced. □

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Ninian Smart on Hans Küng's view of God

Question-time

Does God Exist? by HANS KÜNG *Collins* £12

THE ENTHUSIASM of John Paul II can scarcely conceal the fact that for good or ill Roman Catholicism is now a form of Protestantism.

Who really, except maybe a few priests, is afraid of excommunication any more? What rigours of discipline can be imposed when people can vote with their feet and cheat encyclicals in the privacy of the bedroom?

But the Protestant character of Catholicism now goes deeper, as evidenced by the writings of Hans Küng. Of course he is a maverick, suspected by orthodox Catholics of having sold some pass or other to the heirs of Luther or the Anabaptists. But what he writes is the logical outcome of changes in the world which make Christianity's position quite different from that held in an authoritarian past. Many of these changes are documented in Küng's latest book, *Does God Exist?*

In an open society, or at least in the relatively open societies of the Western world, religion is now seen to be a matter of choice. Education sometimes urges folk to question authority. Change and novelty add piquancy to challenges to received ideas. It is somewhat pathetic to read in Küng's book how the relatively liberal and perceptive exponents of the 'new theology' (mainly centred in France) were largely silenced during the reign of Pius XII. It was like a repetition of the suppression of modernism half a century earlier. The story is pathetic because discipline and loyalty made this odious repression possible, so late in human history, within what was becoming essentially a voluntary organisation. But with the *aggiornamento,* the new liberalism of the Sixties and the greater reliance on the laity the real logic of the world has penetrated into the Church.

Küng's book is an attempt to deal with that logic — a logic related to philosophy, science and religion. Science is involved, for theology (to be more precise: Christian theology) cannot evade the fact that it lives in the atmosphere of science. Philosophy is involved in that various possibilities have been laid before us in Western culture from the Enlightenment onwards. Religion is involved because we now live in a global city. Even German theologians are becoming more aware that Buddhism represents an alternative to Christianity, and the old cultural tribalism of Western Christianity is beginning to crumble.

Küng deals with these matters at varying lengths. He discusses very fully the Western philosophical tradition from Descartes to Wittgenstein and Habermas. He takes us through the anthropological atheism of Feuerbach and Marx, and into the nihilism of Nietzsche. He recognises these as continuing possibilities of the human spirit: trust in God thus becomes an option, but for him a rational option, as valid as atheism or nihilism. The discussion is partly at text-book level, for Küng sets out, often charmingly, the main positions of those with whom he wishes to engage. The discussions are well, painstakingly, documented. His learning is wide-ranging. It is in relation to philosophy that his discussion is most acute. His remarks about science and other religions are, significantly, thinner.

DRAWING ON some very selective and not wholly typical quotations from Popper, and on the authority of Stegmüller and Gadamer, Küng characterises trust as being the fundamental basis of science. It is an old, devious argument. But it fails to deal adequately with the central aspects of scepticism and creativity, questioning and experiment, in the evolution of knowledge. The same (on Küng's general argument) should characterise Christian theology.

On religion and religions Küng persistently begs questions by continuing to use the word 'God'. It comes not in utter nakedness but trailing clouds of doctrine. Most of those doctrines are simply rejected. For example, by mainstream Buddhism. I mention Buddhism because it is the most original and challenging counterpoint to the assumptions of the Western faiths. Rather obscurely Küng makes use of the complementarity model: i.e. God may be personal when certain questions are posed, non-personal when others are. In this way there is room both for Yahweh and the Void (parallelling the mystical and Neoplatonic traditions in Christianity itself). I believe that there is something in this. Nevertheless I do not consider that Küng has in any way dealt with the real challenge of the plurally religious world. What if his book had been *Is There Nirvana?*? It would have had a wholly different cast, and perhaps also the question of truth as between religions might have been formulated with greater cultural dispassion. As it is Küng merely wants to be nice about the Buddhists and include them in.

But of course there is no chair of Buddhist Doctrine in Tübingen. Küng still operates within the structures of establishmentarian religion, in its rather antique German form. But in our open and plural societies of the West there will be less and less place for Christian *assumptions*, and by the same token little place for assumptions institutionalised (e.g. in Faculties of Protestant, Catholic or Ecumenical Theology). We are entering a new, more plural and hopefully more creative phase, in which there are Christian questions, rather than assumptions, and Jewish and Buddhist questions; and where religion, in pointing to a transcendental realm, is pointing to a place from which the values of the street, home and market-place, and of the screen and the boardroom, can be criticised. The utilitarianism of Western social democracy leaves unresolved the questions of the nature of happiness and the basis of human dignity. Religious vision may here be relevant. Küng, in giving his massive book a title which is a question, is already on the path to a new critical transcendentalism. □

John Mole

Midnight

It squares up to my window.
How I recognise the poker-faced
Intimidation bulging from each pane.

That enigmatic brow, so humourless —
I guess at its intelligence
And doubt it. I suppose

It lost the planets and came
Muttering here in darkness, loony.
Why on earth did it do that?

Simple. Nothing so hugely vacant
Stays put long without attention.
Gathering itself, it groaned

Then lurched out reckoning its chance
To prove the universe, and found me
With my face already turning from the glass.

FICTION

Brian Martin

People from the provinces

The Second Chance by ALAN SILLITOE *Cape* £5.95
The White Hotel by D.M. THOMAS *Gollancz* £6.95

ALAN SILLITOE is a provincial writer. The Midlands, Nottingham in particular, provide the background for many of the stories in *The Second Chance*. Authenticity of locality is created through idiom and colloquialism. When a pub is about to close in 'The Sniper', the landlord is described, with characteristic humour, as 'trying to decide whether to put the towels on (for in Nottingham the clocks seem notoriously unsynchronised in this respect)'. Elsewhere, people get 'shut of' things they don't like (like wives) and pick up bottles of ale from the 'beer-off'.

Sillitoe's gift is to make it clear that ordinary people are what life is all about, just as Paul Theroux has shown how artificial are the high and mighty, and how they need the catalyst of someone unrecognised and unknown. In 'No Name in the Street', which is akin to Beckett's writing if not quite as surreal, Albert roundly abuses his dog, but that is part of how they get on together: he threatens it, 'I'll put me boot in your soup-box' and constantly predicts, 'You'll get on my nerves'. He brushes his bowler-hat with his right-hand sleeve and neurotically polishes the toes of his black shoes with Kiwi. Sillitoe shows Beckett's characters to be very close at hand; they live just around the corner; indeed, you may even be one of them yourself.

They are often neurotic, even psychotic. The title story, 'The Second Chance', tells of an elderly couple, the Baxters, whose son was shot down over the Channel in his Spitfire 20 years previously, and of his doppelganger who meets old Major Baxter in a pub. The double, Peter, is 'an ex-jail-bird and con-man', who sees himself telling his tale in a Notting Hill pub — 'I've got this batty old pair who think I'm their pilot-officer son killed in the war'. The second chance is for both parties. The sustained illusion is ingeniously constructed but in the end it all rests on self-deception. It turns out that Mrs Baxter has been undeceived all along: 'He's such a nice young man, isn't he dear?' she remarks wistfully. But there are more surprises than that in store. Sillitoe's works have often benefited from the hand of the script-writer, and a dramatisation of this one would fit well into ITV's *Tales of the Unexpected* series.

Sillitoe's images enhance his scenes. The Baxters' cat drops 'softly to the floor like an over-sized floorcloth'. The heroine of 'A

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Scream of Toys', queuing for fish and chips, looks at the smooth and smoky fat in the vat — 'she stared at the dark ice starting to split and bubble'. In his last story, about a man haunted into old age by the ghost of his wife's lover whom he murdered many years before, Sillitoe 'describes trench conditions in the 1914-18 war: 'scabies was common, and spread like chalk on a dusty day'.

He glances back at the great wars and the time between, at the Plaza picture palaces, at Craven A and Woodbines, but he demonstrates the timeless quirks and foibles of human nature. Some of his tales exhibit the same talents as those shown by masters of the short-story form. The sick and seedy story of deceptions and trickery in marriage, 'Confrontation', recalls the syle and subject matter of Graham Greene. In other places the tracks of Dickens and Conrad are traceable. Sillitoe assimilates them all and gives us original, local tales, the stories which lie behind the newspaper headlines. He is one of today's few gifted short story writers.

D.M. THOMAS gives himself many problems in *The White Hotel*. The novel, part epistolary, part poetic, part narrative, tells the story of the half-Russian, half-Jewish singer, Lisa Erdman. She becomes a patient of Freud, after the first world war, in order to cure herself of hysterical sexual fantasies, which she envisages taking place in a white hotel. Psychoanalysis with Freud enables her to take up her operatic career again and return to Stalinist Russia, only to be trapped by the Nazis at the beginning of the next war. Her fate at Babi Yar is the same as that of so many Jews consumed in the holocaust.

Several problems arise. Thomas represents — first in poetry and then in prose — Lisa's sexual delirium. How successfully can he, being a man, do this? Then, there is no doubt that the accounts of Lisa's stay at the White Hotel with Freud's son are pornographic. Lisa comes 'eye-to-eye with that rich tulip bulb' and, in the circumstances, proximity leads to fellatio. The moral: if you write pornography that is what it is, and no amount of fumbling with artistic devices and excuses makes it any different.

So, *The White Hotel* starts with the pornography of sex (hardly mitigated by a few defensive remarks — 'it may be we have studied the sexual impulse too exclusively') and works its way round to the pornography of violence in the machinegunnings of Babi Yar and the bayonetting of a three-quarters dead old woman. Better to have left Babi Yar to the elegising of Yevtushenko.

It was a good idea to exploit a typical Freudian case history, to introduce Freud himself as a character, to afford a final chapter of fantasy for Lisa on the point of death. But, in the end, *The White Hotel* is a failure. There might well have been 'a quarter of a million white hotels in Babi Yar', but none of them, surely, like this. At the close of the novel's second section, Lisa is said to have 'felt happy that part of her body was occupied by someone else. The spirit of the White Hotel was against selfishness': but not against self-indulgence, it would appear. And it is to this temptation that Thomas surrenders. □

Apology: we much regret that in our fiction review on 2 January the name of Julian Gloag was spelt as Cloag.

JAZZ

Charles Fox

Synthesiser

Sam Rivers Trio *Round House*

DEMARCATION was never a problem for jazz soloists during the music's first five decades. Musicians chose an instrument, then stuck to it, maybe doubling within a reed section but rarely blurring their images as individuals. Indeed, Adrian Rollini was probably considered a shade unsound because he not only moved from handling the unwieldy bass saxophone to skirmishing on the vibraharp, rather like a dromedary opting for Alpine slopes, but also invented a couple of frivolous accessories: the goofus and the hot fountain-pen. The 1960s and 1970s, however, saw the upsurge of multi-instrumentalists, not all as

omnitalented as Anthony Braxton (he can, as it happens, be heard at the LSE Old Theatre on 23 January) but determined not to be fenced in.

Sam Rivers is a musician of that species. At the Round House last Sunday he started off with 25 minutes on the tenor saxophone, but after that concentrated entirely on the flute and — more surprisingly — the piano (he has recorded on the latter instrument hardly at all). In fact, his piano playing turned out to be a trifle melodramatic; and it was that instrument Rivers used for his forays into post-Schoenbergian tactics, mixing, rather as Cecil Taylor has done, the tone-row with the prance. All very brilliant, yet not as satisfying as Rivers's more forthright work on tenor saxophone, or his quirky flute playing (at one moment Rivers was humming a fifth above the notes he was blowing and interspersing the flute line with falsetto singing, suggesting, improbable though it seems, both Gregorian chant and a West African canoe song).

Rivers might be dubbed a late developer. He was already 34 when he left Boston to spend six months working with Miles Davis (the first time his reputation began to spread). After that came several years with Cecil Taylor, but generally Rivers has maintained a low profile, operating with trios or quartets of his own. The grandson of a musical scholar (Marshall W. Taylor published *A Collection of Revival Hymns and Plantation Melodies* in 1882), his father a Fisk University graduate and member of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, Rivers made his professional debut in the mid-1940s, playing tenor saxophone behind the blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon. He studied musical theory at the Boston Conservatory, but after that worked with, among others, Billie Holliday, T-Bone Walker and Wilson Pickett. But his present-day fame is based largely upon his exploration of the kinds of jazz that took over at the start of the 1960s. And throughout the 1970s Rivers organised sessions in his New York loft (the first of many — so many that there was a danger of 'loft jazz' sneaking its way into critical jargon), helping young musicians to find their feet.

RIVERS does not fit tidily inside the genealogical tree of jazz. In his saxophone playing can be detected hints of Lester Young's akimbo phrasing (and even a honk or two), of Coltrane's obsessive permutation, of Albert Ayler's sensual lunges, of Ornette Coleman's untethered melodic lines. And, like Coleman, he enjoys having the support of a bassist and drummer who can swing in an old-fashioned way, as well as provide the multi-rhythms that are called for. Steve Ellington (only 14 when he played drums with Ray Charles) has been in the trio for 18 months, but worked with Rivers much earlier. Dave Holland, once a familiar figure on the British jazz scene (Miles Davis heard him at Ronnie Scott's in 1968 and whisked him off to New York) has played on and off with Rivers throughout the 1970s. (Holland, in fact, contributed two of the concert's highspots: his bass solo halfway through the first half, his cello solo halfway through the second.)

Rivers is probably best described as a consolidator, bringing together elements of the newer sort of jazz in a way that makes them more accessible. Which is not to suggest that he is a populariser in any pejorative sense. But he does winnow and calculate, following up a dissonant passage with a shapely melody, occasionally prone — especially when playing flute — to improvising above a swaying Latin-American background. The music is free to the extent that there are no set chord sequences or obvious harmonic guidelines, yet it is episodic in a fairly clear-cut way. Each set is a continuous performance, lasting about an hour, with Rivers signalling a change of tack by playing a little trill or rhythmic figure.

Happily, the music can be enjoyed by more than the audience which filled the Round House on Sunday, for the trio is touring on the Arts Council's Contemporary Music Network. On Saturday they will be at Bristol's Arnolfini Gallery; after that in Manchester (18), Leeds (19), York (21), Birmingham (23), Sheffield (24) and Leicester (25). Readers living outside those conurbations can sample a recent LP, *Contrasts* (ECM 1162), by a slightly different group (although Dave Holland is there), or search specialist shops for *Involution* (Blue Note BN-LA453-H2, 2 LPs), recordings Rivers made in the mid-1960s with his own Sextet and with the Andrew Hill Quartet. Both give some notion of how this resilient musician — 50 last September — is helping to synthesise and reanimate some of the jazz discoveries of the past 20 years. □

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Gustaw Moszcz on satire and corruption in Poland

Picture posts

ERYK LIPINSKI lives in Warsaw. He is widely recognised as an important cartoonist, poster designer and satirical writer. He has published many books on Polish caricaturing and is building up a Museum of Polish cartoons. He started work in 1928, and is a survivor of Auschwitz.

'I have greater freedom in my work, in some respects, than someone in a similar profession in the West. Film posters here don't have the function of having to attract people into the cinema, since people will go to see films anyway. Although Polish posters are among the best in the world, foreign producers don't want them. I did one for an English film about Isadora Duncan but the American producer rejected it, saying that European taste was no good in America. Still, I got 1,000 dollars for it at a time when we were getting 1,800 zloties here. (Black market exchange rate: 1 US dollar = 100 zloties.)

'In Poland the poster is definitely considered a work of art, unlike in Britain. The criteria of commercial success don't apply — though one day, during a discussion at the Ministry of Culture about the effectiveness of posters, I pointed out that we had posters during the elections and that we won them. A minute's silence, then everyone laughed, including the minister.

'The general corruption which plagued our society was profoundly depressing. Cultural life ran in two directions — the official but untrue and the unofficial but true. It could not continue thus. The protests from intellectuals did not have strength, and it's good that the new movement comes from enlightened workers. However, the current changes will not be inspiring for political satire, which gives more satisfaction when it's hard or risky to do.

'The authorities believe that no qualifications are needed for supervising culture so they appoint bureaucrats who previously worked with timber and meat but proved unsatisfactory there. When you enter a bookshop you see loads of books that no one wants to buy, while we have a shortage of schoolbooks. Why should Brezhnev's speeches be given such large issues? Apparently it would be a disgrace for him to be published in two or three thousand copies. Meanwhile, there are many national classics out of print.

'The trouble is that some people are unable to laugh at themselves. Under Gomulka's regime I drew a cartoon ridiculing the new tax on dogs. It showed a line of dogs sitting in front of a clerk at a desk. The notice on the desk read 'Beware of the man!' I then went on a trip to Moscow, having submitted the drawing. There I received a call from Warsaw. The person said: "Listen Eryk, they say in the censor's office that you have drawn Gomulka behind this desk." When I got back I discovered that the editor of the journal I did the cartoon for had been fired and I was the new editor. I went to see Kliszko (responsible then for culture) and said that I felt unhappy because I never meant to portray Gomulka. He answered that I must hate Gomulka so much that it came out unconsciously. I left his office, walked the 150 yards back to my own, and in that space I was removed from the editorship. Political change happens fast in Poland.'

STANISLAW Fijalkowski is a leading abstract artist and teaches fine art at Lodz University. He says: 'It's important that a painter can get good paint, brushes, paper in whatever quantities they are needed. Here it is hardly possible to get them of good enough quality, and you can never have as much as you need. For instance, the local branch of the Fine Art Guild has received 700 sheets of fine paper for graphics. About 30 or 40 artists need them. Even a renowned artist may get at most 50, not even sufficient for one issue of an engraving which is customarily done in 50 prints — no margin for spoilt copies or for author's copies.

'The usual way to get materials is to have them sent from abroad, which is difficult for someone without a hard currency account. You tell a foreign customer to send not money but materials, which is illegal. If I then want to sell a work legally I have to arrange it through the state's fine art trading company, DESA, the only institution authorised to sell art abroad. They take half the price for themselves and pay me the rest of the hard currency they receive in Polish zloties, at the rate of 30 to the dollar, when the black market rate is around 100. Only a small fraction of the hard currency reaches my dollar account. Naturally foreign dealers loathe using DESA. They know that it's robbing us, and they prefer the money to go into the artist's hands to encourage her or him to do more things for that gallery. With all the money it makes, DESA could really promote Polish art abroad, which doesn't happen. The Fine Art Guild can't help since DESA is subject not to the Ministry of Culture but to the Ministry of Finance, which is only interested in turnover and in fulfilling plans.

'There are some benefits from state control over fine art. Really good artists are unable to make their living from painting alone, so Poland is, I think, the only place where you find really excellent artists teaching. This is unlike the West where you often have only very average artists in academies. Of course we have bad teachers here too, who become party activists and defend their position that way.

'The Fine Art Guild functions as an institution which prefers the average since all artists, good and bad alike, must get a share of what little there is. Paradoxically, at a time when democracy is at last being promoted in this country, I am against democracy in art. I'm all for the democratic distribution of meat or sugar but not of paint or paper.

'I've participated in the general corruption in Poland. From time to time I'm forced to buy material which I suspect was stolen. I have to, because I won't get the stuff anywhere else. When a collection of renowned new art is printed in books with issues of 1,500 how on earth do you expect to buy it honestly? What's happening now may start to heal this damage to the nation's morality.'

Translation assistance by Daniel Gutowski. □

Among this week's contributors:

TIM MASON teaches Modern History at St Peter's College, Oxford, and is an editor of *History Workshop Journal.*

NINIAN SMART is Professor of Religious Studies at Lancaster University. His books include *Reasons and Faiths, The Religious Experience of Mankind* and *The Phenomenon of Christianity.*

FILMS

John Coleman

Crowd pleaser

Tribute (AA) *Leicester Square Theatre*
Times Square (AA) *ABCs Shaftesbury Avenue, Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads; Studio, Oxford Circus; Scene*
Blood Feud (X) *Odeon, Kensington*

THERE'S NO business like show business, of course, and how often has one been tempted to add, 'Thank God'. Something of this is bound to pass through a mind contemplating a movie like *Tribute.* In the first place, the very plot (of what was originally a stage play by Bernard Slade, who has adjusted it for the screen) quite exacts it. Scottie Templeton, played by Jack Lemmon on Broadway and now in the film, once wrote a few respected short stories, and then worked as a writer in Hollywood. But for a long time past he has been a Broadway press or publicity agent, a New York comedian about town, a court jester of no small celebrity. His marriage broke up years ago, his wife — with whom he remains on amiable terms — has happily rewedded, his 21-year-old son Jud is the current problem. Or, rather, the problem is between Scottie and Jud. There is a peculiarly reverberant tradition of fathers and sons not hitting it off in American drama. The young man comes to town to stay with his dad, hoping for some kind of serious confrontation, a sorting out, and dad can only see the boy who once fell about at his jokes and antics. The spoofing camaraderie of showbiz is, anyway, Scottie's life-style, his apparent all. In a marvellous line or so he talks of his first experience of Hollywood, the tackiness, the superficiality —'everything I'd always wanted'.

Jud can barely respond to this stuff and, even when his mother lets slip that Scottie has just discovered he is dying (of a blood disorder), makes a cruelly valid point: 'he's still the same man he's always been'. So far, pretty good, sometimes superlatively so; and Robby Benson as gangling Jud and Lee Remick as ex-wife Maggie generally match Lemmon's stand-out Scottie blow for blow, high playing all round. The opposition of showbiz values to something more demanding is firmly established; and there is no reason for us to take sides too readily, nothing to stop us cracking up at Scottie ludicrous in a baggy old chicken costume, laying a giant egg (even Jud relents momentarily), or relishing his rush of impromptus. Getting out of a solemnly crowded lift at the hospital, he turns to a captive audience. 'Hold it, everybody. I've got a great idea. Let's all meet a year from today.' The doors close on frozen faces. 'That got *nothing,*' he snarls. You feel for the fellow. Just as you go with Maggie shortly after when she gently enquires: 'When are you going to stop using the whole world as a straight man?'

Throughout, there are well-found scenes and exchanges. Scottie is told of his possibly fatal disease in a form of mime, since we watch from the wrong side of a shut glass door. Jud's hurt when he realises his father has set him up with Sally (Kim Cattrall), a girl he just 'happened' to meet in a museum, is similarly muted and painful. Though the more one thinks about this basically 'nice' Sally, the less likely she

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becomes. Along with Scottie's massively loyal colleague Mr Daniels (John Marley), she is frequently just another prop, part of an improbably 'used world' created to inform us what a thoroughly splendid chap this Scottie Templeton is.

'What you're saying,' suggests Jud, 'my father's a crowd-pleaser.' 'Exactly,' beams Mr Daniels, as if that were set and match to him. And the trouble is that at such moments the whole movie seems to be beaming right along with him. Which is where the other, unacceptable face of show business gets into the act. Perhaps the last flicker of autonomous life allowed to Jud comes as he blackmails his father into hospital for treatment. 'We need some time.' 'Why?' 'Because I'm not ready to cry over you yet.'

From there on, the jig is up. The scatterings of self-applause from all concerned in the confection of *Tribute* gradually mount until they join together in the crescendo of the event that is the name of the play and film — the name, you might say, of the game. It is Jud who arranges the sickly birthday surprise, with hundreds of buddies summoned from all over (the whore with a heart of fudge, the lady doctor blinking away a tear) to attend the truly appalling transatlantic *This is Your Life* in a hired theatre. And it is Jud, no longer recognisable, with nothing except a brief flash of his mopping his father's tormented brow in hospital to imply any development in their emotional transactions, it is poor Jud who — on cue — kisses Scottie and hugs him on stage while the audience within the film clap their hands like thunder. This is the business with a vengeance.

Alan Moyle's *Times Square,* from the Robert Stigwood stable, proposes an unpleasant and conceivably dangerous fantasy about a 13-year-old poor little rich girl Pamela (Trini Alvarado), daughter of a New York politician on the make, and a foul-mouthed 15-year-old 42nd Street lass Nicky (the alarming Robin Johnson, a butch Mick Jagger), who escape from a clinic where they are undergoing tests for disturbed behaviour and go ape in what the world knows to be a jungle, hurling TV sets from rooftops, getting jobs as disco dancer and singer in a night club, finding instant fame as the Sleez Sisters thanks to a delinquent nocturnal disc jockey Johnny (awful Tim Curry). It must be admitted that the adults are nastier and crasser than the kids, who often work mesmerically together for charm and gaiety; but it is not an occasion to be recommended. Lina Wertmuller's 1978 *Blood Feud,* a farrago sited in the Italian Twenties, is awful even by her standards, with Sophia Loren as the widowed meat in a sandwich composed of Marcello Mastroianni and Giancarlo Giannini. Vast panoramas (Sicily?) alternate with huge facial close-ups in an unreadable narrative of mock-politics, real gangsterism, rape attempted and rape achieved. □

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TELEVISION

Julian Barnes

Dear departed

TELEVISION steals so much from books nowadays that the screen scarcely bothers to blush any more. I doubt, for instance, whether *Maugham* (BBC-2) would have been made without the nudge of Ted Morgan's recent biography. Most of its information seemed to come from that source, while its opening critical stance — 'Maugham drew a veil over his own life although he'd made a fortune unveiling others' — was pinched directly from Morgan's preface and given just a touch of face-powder. Naturally, the programme failed to make any mention of the book.

Irritation set in early: *Maugham* said little about the work, nothing new about the life, and had in Richard Lindley a narrator with a jarringly Panoramic cast to his voice (as well as an inventive line in pronunciation: he declared the writer to have been born in the Belly Pock. Something akin to a fallopian pregnancy, one imagined). But just in time, television rescued itself: there was interesting archive footage of the Villa Mauresque, with Maugham mugging to the camera in a playfully seigneurial way, a clip of the writer speaking (no trace of that famous stammer, which struck most viciously at the thought of Syrie), and then two star finds turned up among the contributors.

A.S. Frere, Maugham's publisher, proved a wonderful grouch of the old school (grumblers always make good television), deeply unimpressed by parts of Maugham's life — 'Haxton didn't behave any worse than the average whore in the circumstances' — and by his late work: 'He wasn't making any sense when he wrote that — he was bonkers.' And there was also the fascinating sight of Alan Searle, Maugham's final companion, never previously interviewed on radio or television. Twice bereaved — as a gentleman's gentleman and as a lover — he looked trembly and very apprehensive, like a suddenly deshelled mollusc. Sweating, frowning and soft-voiced, he nervously whispered out his memories of looking after the old monster in his black, closing years. According to Morgan's book, Searle now travels the world aimlessly with one suitcase full of pornography and another full of cufflinks. It was the saddest sight on television for many months.

Whereas *Facing Death* (LWT), though as sobering as an East wind, wasn't the depressing experience one might have thought inevitable. Two middle-aged Jeans, one commuter-belt and one council-house, both dying of cancer, virtually shamed the viewer into optimism by their clarity and good cheer. Both wanted to make it home to die, but only one got there. The home Jean, plump and gutsy, refused to admit she was dying, and kept going cheerfully: 'Now if you want some funny faces, you're going to get them,' she joked to camera before taking her medicine. The hospital Jean accepted her mortality, weakening slowly, and with much dignity, before our eyes. The manner of her death also commented on the current euthanasia debate. She herself had always believed in the right to take her own life, and her husband reckoned that if she had been given the relevant pill, she would probably have cut short her last five days. But it was precisely those terminal days, the husband maintained, when she proved most helpful to the soon-to-be-bereaved, when she talked most usefully — about dying, among other things — to her children. Suddenly the issues seemed much less clearcut than normal liberal instincts wish them to be.

The Grand Age of the Garden (BBC-2), winningly photographed and unremittingly genial, was puzzlingly titled. It began as a straight history of English 19th-century gardening, full of structure and helicopter shots and nice old prints. Half-way through it forgot its title, rushed off to America, modern times and Europe, and quite lost focus. Doubtless this had something to do with those sinister initials 'RM' which whistled past in the credits as a sudden clue: German co-production, they hinted, lots of money, scruffy editorial control.

The only benefit to the British viewer from this deal was an unintentionally hilarious sequence shot in the special 'ecological' garden in Amsterdam. The laudable principle behind this garden is to assemble side by side every single indigenous Dutch plant. But Holland, of course, is not the most naturally orchidaceous of countries, and 'plant' in this context was also democratically held to include weeds. The resulting acres looked not unlike what might happen if a deeply lazy Dutch gardener had left his plot unattended for about 15 years. Not surprisingly, very few people, we learned, ever pay good guilders to visit the ecological gardens of Amsterdam. □

MUSIC

Andrew Clements on how new music joins mainstream tradition

Carrot and stick

Young Artists and 20th-Century Music *Purcell Room*

YOUNG performers and new music ought to go together: fresh minds open to challenging ideas, finely honed techniques able to meet ever increasing demands. But as anyone who has been involved with music-college students would confirm, the proportion interested in recent developments in the repertory of their instruments is depressingly small. Yet the Park Lane Group's series devoted to 'Young Artists and 20th-Century Music' has long been one of the few bright spots in the post-Christmas torpor on the South Bank. Each year it manages to screen off those gifted young instrumentalists and singers involved with contemporary music and provides an unfailingly illuminating showcase.

Occasionally, however, there is a suspicion that some of the performers have been attracted more by the opportunity of playing on the South Bank than by the chance to crusade on behalf of new works; when it's a necessary evil '20th Century' can be made to cover a multitude of composers. Whether the PLG organisers are conscious of this carrot and stick operating in the series I don't know; maybe it's just seasonal churlishness on my part even to suggest it. But certainly this year fewer of the concerts than usual grabbed the attention and held it to the end. Some bitty, unthinking programming was partly to blame, but also there were too many performances that seemed dutiful rather than compulsive,

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technically proficient yet having the spirit of a rehearsal run-through. There was still more than enough to justify the PLG's enterprise, however, and further proof that even the most rebarbative contemporary scores are gradually being absorbed in the mainstream of the repertory. Who, five years ago, would have expected Boulez's *Domaines* (in the version for peripatetic solo clarinet) to turn up here, even less Stockhausen's massive, magnificent tenth piano piece? Neither, as it happens, received an exceptional performance, but the technical achievement was impressive enough.

ONE CONCERT in the series demands close attention, both for the quality of its performances and for the music included. John Harle has already established himself as a first-rate saxophonist and hardly needs the extra thrust to his career this series will give him, but he included two first performances in his programme, as well as Dominic Muldowney's *In a Hall of Mirrors*, a disappointingly dry little set of variations for saxophone and piano, written last year for Harle and his accompanist John Lenehan. Jonathan Lloyd's *John's Journal* was attractive and unpretentious, alternating a lazy blues idiom with spikier cadenza-like passages, and caring less about making extreme demands on the virtuosity of the performers than in luxuriating in the plushness of the saxophone's tone. It makes a coherent suite, not outstaying its welcome and providing saxophonists with a valuable addition to their thin recital repertory.

Harle's other première was potentially the most interesting of the week. Luciano Berio's ninth sequenza has been written with the option of performance on either clarinet or alto saxophone, and the first performance of the saxophone version, *Sequenza IXB*, was quite a coup for the series. In the event it was a strange disappointment, overlong and unmemorable. The chief virtue of its predecessors in the *Sequenza* series has been their unfailing knack of concentrating on a single aspect of the solo instrument and shaping the piece in a smooth dramatic curve. On first hearing there's no evidence of this in *Sequenza IXB*; there is much quasi-tonal lingering, and shapeless chunks of melodic writing seem to carry the burden of the musical argument, but one waits in vain for a well-focused, direct musical gesture to be made. The failure of the work can hardly be blamed on the performance, for Harle played everything in his programme with easy, rounded tone and faultless technique and intonation, though even he could not disguise the lack of interest in the saxophone's tone when it's heard to the exclusion of anything else over an extended period.

John Harle shared his recital with Susan Tomes, a pianist of evident gifts that sometimes suggested they were not being best served by her choice of programme. Janácek's *On an Overgrown Path* is intensely personal music, closing in on itself at every turn. The most successful accounts (Rudolf Firkusny's classic recording, for example) make a virtue of this introspection, but Tomes tried a new approach, giving the surfaces a frothy, quirky sound and bringing the music closer to the nature images of Janácek's *Cunning Little Vixen* than one would have thought either possible or advisable. It wasn't a total success, but there were enough provocative ideas to warrant further exploration. Her première was Nigel Osborne's *Poème*, a splinter from a previous work for soprano and double bass, and in its gruff, sombre textures never really getting away from that sound world; it ended before establishing a character of its own. And just when one had thought about classifying Miss Tomes as a small-scale, finely polished pianist, she confounded expectations by including a jazz-piano improvisation, equally well (if suspiciously) polished yet revealing a wit and ingenuity that should have been given more chance to express itself. □

THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Not so nice in Nice

Rien Ne Va Plus *Tricycle*
One Big Blow by JOHN BURROWS *Half Moon*

WITH UNEMPLOYMENT in this country inexorably edging towards three million, and enough serious problems in the world beyond to keep us tormented till doomsday, there would seem to be truly spectacular perversity in asking a British audience to concern itself with the industrial problems of the croupiers at Nice casino; but that is how the Pip Simmons Theatre Group, as highly-regarded a troupe as the 'fringe' presently possesses, has elected to expend its spirit, energy and Arts Council grant. We begin in the 1920s, with silly-ass Englishmen preening themselves over their champagne glasses and, having lost their starched and stuffed shirts on the roulette wheel, strutting off to inflict gentlemanly deaths upon themselves behind the arras. Then in slouch spoof mafiosi in tuxedos — 'four poor boys from Organzola', as they wittily call themselves — with their minds on godfatherly plunder. The rest of the evening concerns a prolonged and (apparently) still-continuing battle for control of the gaming tables, involving racketeers, striking croupiers, a two-faced civic leadership, the casino's allegedly heroic owner, and her daughter, who mysteriously disappears after ceding her shareholder's vote to the enemy. 'The characters in the play are entirely fictitious and have no resemblance to any persons living or dead,' proclaims the front page of the programme, leaving us to ponder why the back page announces that the evening's events, though theatricalised, 'draw on reality for their inspiration — the words are in almost every case those spoken by the actual people involved'. Maybe the company's right hand doesn't know what its left is doing.

Maybe its left wing doesn't know too much about its right. The caricature is irritatingly self-indulgent, the general lack of lucidity positively exasperating, the more so because of the company's histrionic and musical excellence; but the real trouble is more fundamental than that.

It is a blend of nostalgia for the glories that were Nice and of socialist indignation on behalf of embattled workers that comes to seem as muddle-headed as misconceived. At one averagely solemn moment the *Marseillaise* is intoned. At another a cross is erected, emblazoned 'J'accuse', though who or what is being j'accused isn't altogether apparent. And the croupiers, heads erect, fling high-minded questions at us, boggling in the stalls. Doesn't anybody care about the 'rape' of the Riviera? Aren't there aspects of our towns for which we care, and which are 'threatened by forces beyond our control'? Well, yes. Speaking for myself, I object very much to the gradual transformation of London into one vast gambling hell; and that is precisely why I feel the same degree of solidarity with striking croupiers as I would with locked-out playboys, or pederasts on go-slow, or pornographers engaged on a work-in in Great Compton Street, or heroin-vendors who had occupied Piccadilly Circus underground. It is also why I wonder if Mr Simmons and his comrades haven't gone collectively potty.

Where there's muck, there's brass: an axiom entertainingly redefined by John Burrows's tale of the colliery band which is deprived of its number-one cornet by sickness, injects a last-moment replacement into its ranks, and goes on to triumph in competition at Blackpool. It is, in essence, a seasonably sentimental fairy-story, a sort of Coketown panto; but the company performing it is 7:84, as committed a socialist touring-group as the nation can boast, and so the intentions are not as unerringly genial as bald description might suggest. The sickness is actually pneumoconiosis, brought on by a perilously high dust-level in the pit, itself caused by inadequate machinery. The result is a strike, and much cynical hobnobbing in a burlesque boardroom, culminating in an underground visit by the NCB chairman, who opines that the 110-degree temperature is 'the same as in the Bahamas' and promptly faints. There's also a fall of rock, which at first appears to have totalled the substitute cornet, but ends by being nothing more than background documentation. In fairy-tales, even marxist ones, good people don't get killed.

Grimm and grim don't really coalesce; yet the style and message aren't exactly in conflict. The six-man cast, miming, clowning, swapping roles with expertise and alacrity, and humming in close harmony in surprisingly successful imitation of the brass band itself, leave us with a marvellous sense of camaraderie: shared sweat at work, shared skill and joy at play. Earnest, intellectual and analytical socialist drama commonly achieves far less. □

Kevin Porter

Decay

Dated by the corrosion
we nevertheless sit — eyes forward;
the bath-chairs pushed by milk maids
with eyes forward, voices placatory.

At night, the dimness is spoiled
by the desk-lamp in the office
seeping through thin curtains.
We lie awake dreaming.

By day the seated view outside;
through iron little happens
positioned as we are, far
from modern living, high in the mountains
where the clean air salts our wounds.

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Weekend competition

No 2651 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Never mind Chapman's 'Homer' — let's have sonnets on first looking in to breakfast TV. By 30 January.

No 2648 **Set by Stanley J. Sharpless**

Denis Healey was recently described as the thinking man's Frank Chapple. We asked for more of the same.

Report **By Al Dente**

A plump and pleasing postbag. Almost all entrants hit on the idea of labelling the PM 'the Barbara Woodhouse of politics', and most of your other thoughts displayed similar perception. As my colleague Len the Unlucky remarked last week, if the rest of 1981 is like this we shall have to think of extra rewards for you all. In the meantime, however, three crispies per quip should suffice.

David Steel is the Sebastian Coe of British politics.
Tony Benn is the Steve Ovett of British politics.
Roy Hattersley is the Frank Bough of the Labour Party.

GORDON S. LESSELLS

The Gang of Three are the socialist answer to the Secret Seven.
Esther Rantzen is the ad-man's Hilda Ogden.
Prince Philip is the thinking person's Denis Thatcher.

BILL GREENWELL

Edward Heath is the Tories' Miss Haversham.
Anthony Burgess is the James Joyce of the supermarket.

GEORGE MOOR

Sir Isaiah Berlin is the thinking person's Eric Morecambe.
Norman St John Stevas is the parliamentarian's Frankie Howerd.

PETER E. SILLIS

Paul Johnson is the rich man's Paul Foot.
Michael Foot is the thinking person's Terry Wogan.
Clive Jenkins is the Castro of the commuters.

D.H.M. COOK

Jan Morris is the Venetian tourist's Ruskin *and* Effie.

LIONEL BURMAN

Michael Foot is the Michael Foot *de nos jours*.
Michael Parkinson is the poor girl's Sacha Distel.
Melvyn Bragg is the Marks and Spencer of literature.
Bruce Page is the Michael Edwardes of radical journalism.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Michael Foot is the Labour Party's Wurzel Gummidge.

PETER ROBERTSON

Mrs Thatcher is the Lady Bracknell of Conservative politics.
Norman St John Stevas is the Ernest of Conservative politics.
Prince Charles is the royal family's Nicholas Parsons.

NAOMI MARKS

Lord George-Brown is Labour's George Robey.
Russell Harty is Doctor Johnson in paperback.
Les Dawson is the working class's Noel Coward.

GERRY HAMILL

Enoch Powell is the thinking person's Ian Paisley.
Ian Paisley is the bigot's bigot.
Michael Heseltine is the Struwelpeter of politics.

DEREK KARTUN

Michael Heseltine is the Young Conservatives' Rod Stewart.

JOHN SWEETMAN

Shirley Williams is the Violet Elizabeth Bott of the Labour Party.

E.O. PARROTT

Shirley Williams is the *Guardian* reader's Noele Gordon.
Margaret Thatcher is the Sybil Fawlty of British conservatism.

P.D. MORRIS-MORGAN

Michael Parkinson is the thinking dog's breakfast.

CHRIS FORD

Peregrine Worsthorne is a free-thinking Danny La Rue.
Barbara Castle is the political Gracie Fields

LORD SQUATTER

Roy Hattersley is Labour's answer to J.R.

P.M.G. SHIEL

Jilly Cooper is Miss Piggy with a typewriter.

HAZEL STANLEY

Peter Ustinov is the thinking person's Basil Brush.

JIM YORKE

Anthony Howard is the discerning woman's Roy Hattersley.

JEMIMA BAIRD

Tony Miles
Chess

No 213 **November problems**

The November problems were a mixed set. Even numbers were easy, odd not. **No 200 R2QK2R/PP3P-QP/3PP3/8/8/2NP1P1B/P1P2P1P/R4RK1)** was trivial: 1...Q-B3! wins all of White's army or, after 2.QxQ, R-N1ch, his king.

Problem 201 (R3RK2/1P1N1P1P/P7/3NP3/N61R4/1P6/PB2R1PP/6K1) was the hardest. It came from Plaskett-Miles Kettering 80. Of the various suggestions all but . . .NxP can quickly be dismissed: (a) 1. . .N(2)-N3; 2.NxN, B-B4; 3.NxR or B-R3 or NxN; 4.QR-Q1, B-R3; (b) 1...N(2)-B3; 2.K-B1 (or B2), N-R4; 3.RxN, N-B5; 4.R-Q4! NxR; 5.RxB and the N is trapped. (d) 1. . .P-N4, 2.RxN, PxN; 3.RxN; (e) of the other possibilities 1. . .N-B6 is the only reasonable selection, simplifying to a draw. So (c) 1. . .NxP is most interesting: 2.R(4)xN and now 2. . .N-N5!? at first sight seems crushing. For instance, 3.RxRch, RxR; 4.R-Q1 (if 4.P-N3, R-K8ch and N-K6ch or 4.B-N7ch, K-N1) P-N4; 5.P-KR3 (if N-B3, B-B4ch) N-K6; 6.R-Q4, N-B7. But White has a saving resource which can be played in either of two ways: 3.N-B3! RxR; 4.NxR, R-K1; 5.B-N7ch! KxB (if . . .K-N1; 6.R-KN5 forces a draw); 6.R-N5ch, K-B3; 7.RxN, B-B4ch; 8.K-B1 holding, or the immediate 3.B-N7ch! K-N1 (better is KxB; 4.RxR and R-N5ch transposing); 4. R-KN5 when in view of the possibility of 4. . .RxR; 5.B-B3ch! Black is in trouble. I confess I overlooked all this during the game, but nevertheless I saw a way to keep an endgame edge. I played 2. . .N-B6ch(!) 3.K-B2, NxP! (much more accurate than 3. . .RxRch). Now White regained his pawn with 4.RxRch, RxR; 5.R-KR5 but after B-Q3! 6.RxP. N-N5ch; 7.K-B3, N-K4ch; 8.BxN, RxB Black, with B for N and the better coordinated pieces had a small but clear advantage which was duly converted into a win.

Problem 202 (2R4R/4R3/5KPP/P2P1B2/1P1P1P1P/5N2/PPP2P2/2K1R3) was another easy one: 1.N-N5! is a clear killer. If 1. . .PxN; 2. RPx-Pmate, or 1. . .QR-B1; 2.N-R7ch wins, or . . .KR-B1; 2.N-R7mate, whilst 1. . .RxPch; 2.K-Q1 doesn't help matters.

Problem 203 (8/8/1R4P1/6PK/5P2/1PR55K28) caused most trouble, as I expected. The general reaction was 'surely Black can't win', which is indeed correct, but the point was that there is an extremely good try, and the problem was to find both it and its countermeasure. The try itself is slightly elusive as it is in fact the problem position, but with White to move! All White's pieces are optionally placed — the R attacking both BPs and the K within reach of both sides of the board. So Black begins with 1. . .R-R6; 2.K-N2, R-Q6; 3.K-B2, R-B6. Note that White has no good way of avoiding this sequence: his K can have no better square, on the back rank it would allow the BK to advance with mating threats, while N2 and K2, as we shall see, both have their drawbacks. Lastly note that the drastic P-B5!? is by no means a clear draw. 2. . .PxP and (a) 3.R-R6ch, K-N5; 4.RxR, KxR; 5.P-N6, P-N7; 6. P-N7, P-N8=Q; 7. P-N8=Q (with the defending king in front such a position is normally a total draw — this, though, is the exception) Q-B7ch! 8.K-K3 (if K-K1, Q-K5ch, or K-B1, Q-Q8ch — Q5ch), Q-K5ch; 9.K-B2 (if K-Q2, Q-N7ch wins), Q-B5ch forces the exchange of Qs with a single win. (b) 3. P-N6, K-R3; 4.K-N2, R-QB6; 5.K-B2, R-B7ch; 6.K-K3, R-QN7! with excellent winning chances. If 7.K-B4 R-N8 and . . .P-N7, or 7.K-Q3, R-N8; 8.K-B3 and Black has a choice between such moves as . . .R-B8ch, . . .P-B5, . . .R-KN8. Probably best, though, is a preliminary 8. . .K-N2 (to prevent R-KB6) followed by R-N8. One possible continuation: 8. . .K-N2; 9.K-Q4, R-N8(!) 10.RxP, R-N5ch! 11.K-K5, KxP and with the white king cut off behind the pawn Black should win. Return to the position after 3. . .R-B6, what should White do? Clearly 4.K-N2, K-N5 is bad: 5.RxP, R-N7ch and . . .P-N7. Apparently the R must remain on N6 so White, not sensing any danger, played 4.K-K2, R-R6; 5.K-B2? allowing . . .K-N5! Now if 6.RxP(N6), P-N7; 7.R-N6, R-R8! (a recurrent trick) wins, and with 8. . .RxKNP impossible, Black's newly activated king decides the issue. The game concluded 6.R-N4, R-Q6(!) 7.K-K2, R-QB6 (again losing a useful tempo) 8.K-B2 (he can't run too far from the kingside) R-B7ch; 9.K-K3, P-N7; 10.K-Q3, R-B7; 11.K-K3, R-B6ch; 12.K-K2, R-KR6! 13.K-B2, R-R8! (again) Resigns. On 14.RxP, R-R7ch.

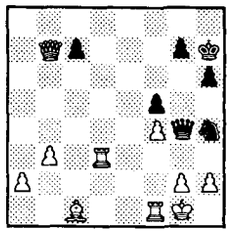
So, that's the winning try. There are two possible defences. The first, which I saw during the game, is (1. . .R-R6; 2.K-N2, R-Q6; 3.K-B2, R-B6) 4.K-K2, R-R6; 5.P-B5! PxP (otherwise 6.PxP) 6.R-R6ch, K-N5; 7.RxR, KxR; 8.K-Q2! (but not P-N6?) and, after both sides queen, Black loses his last pawn. The second, suggested by J. Cornforth is 4.R-N5! and on . . .K-N5; 5.P-B5! PxP; 6.P-N6 when White's P costs Black his QNP with a simple draw. Quite a fascinating ending. Unfortunately very few entrants realised the seriousness of the 'try' and thus the finer points generally went undiscovered.

Finally **problem 204 (5N2/1R3PK1/PN1R2P1/3P2P1/3P1P2/2N2K2/BP6/8)** was elegant but not difficult. White wins with 1.NxP! NxN (or . . .RxN; 2.BxR, NxB; 3.K-K4! still traps the N) 2.K-4! and if . . .N-N3; 3.RxPch or . . .N-B3ch; 3.K-K5! so Black could find nothing better than 2. . .N-K2; 3.RxN, R-Q2 with a hopeless ending.

November prizes:- Mr Cornforth £14, Messrs Garfath, Nash, Sobey and Taylor £9.

Problem 213

Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 28 January.



Solution to problem 211

1.RxBP! RxR (if KxQ 2.RxRch, K-N2; 3.R-N8mate); 2.Q-K5ch! RxQ; 3B-B6mate.

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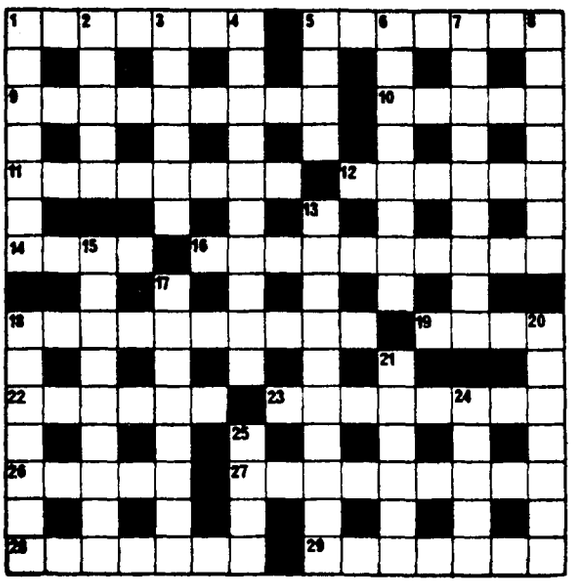
Weekend Crossword 1370

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1370, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 27 January.



ACROSS

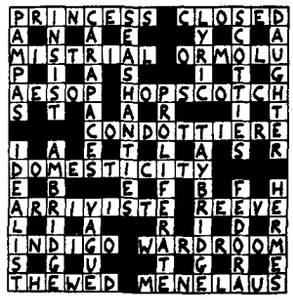
1 Making a century in a demand for applause (7)
5 Unusual hidings given for a wild occasion (7)
9 A Chinese scolded but no longer in bondage (9)
10 Blue and white rivers (5)
11 Girl who has success if coloured (8)
12 The servant brings food about half-nine (6)
14 Wet as a politician of a backward era (4)
16 Send a crowd milling about to make entertainment (10)
18 Abolishing corporal punishment if prison were already abolished (10)
19 A woman's love for a brave man (4)
22 I go in to change next to a place for birds (6)
23 Hesitated but did without that place (8)
26 Long in the flank yearling (5)
27 Giving support to top man in town (7,2)
28 Dare sit in the wrong places when there are speeches (7)
29 'You lack the season of all ——, sleep' (*Macbeth*) (7)

DOWN

1 Given permission although there is everything to pay (7)
2 Vehicle in room on board (5)
3 A doctor unusually fit but not fast (6)
4 Dam a spring for the Scottish town (10)
5 Team composed of stars but without real finish (4)
6 Insinuation that top people finish with love at a hotel (8)
7 Before marriage a number go in for courting (9)
8 Ballet in which soldiers are pursued by a French girl (7)
13 A monk provides the money I look at (10)
15 Title for moron disturbed about a portent (9)
17 Yet bread is cut up and given away (8)
18 Fellow allowed something for his head (7)
20 King who has a bathe in the turbulent Ouse (7)
21 Confession of redhead found in undergarment (6)
24 Received as a name (5)
25 One twice given bird (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1368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APPOINTMENTS

THE INDEPENDENT PROGRAMME PRODUCERS ASSOCIATION,

the trade association that intends to represent independent producers who will be supplying the Fourth Television Channel, is in the position to make two, important full-time appointments — an

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS OFFICER and an **ADMINISTRATOR.**
Both will be based at the Association's offices at 17, Great Pulteney Street, London W1 and will be required to start as soon as possible.

The **Industrial Relations Officer**
will give professional advice to IPPA Council and to members on all union matters affecting independent producers and will lead IPPA's negotiations of appropriate agreements with all Trade Unions concerned with programme production for the Fourth Channel.
Candidates should have broad experience of union negotiation and labour relations, preferably within the television, film or entertainment industries.
Salary negotiable.

The **Administrator**
will be responsible to IPPA Council for the day to day running of the Association's affairs and will be the first point of contact for Members. The Administrator will also be expected to represent the Association within the industry and be expected to handle press and public relations matters.
Candidates should have good administrative experience, preferably within the industry, and a working knowledge of television practices and business arrangements is desirable.
Salary negotiable.

Applications for both posts, in strictest confidence, should be sent to:
The Chairman, IPPA, 17 Great Pulteney Street, London W1.
Enclosing a brief CV and summary of qualifications for the post.

Leicestershire
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SOCIAL WORKERS
CARLTON HAYES HOSPITAL, Narborough, Leicester.
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(b) COMMUNITY ALCOHOL TEAM - This post differs from our others in that the area covered is county wide, and the Unit is located in the village of Narborough. The specialised team works mainly in the community both on cases and in furthering public and professional education.

For further particulars on the posts (a) and (b) please contact, Geoff Sutton, on Leicester 863481 (ext. 427).
(Ref 2/AA/537)

Application forms and further details from Director of Social Services, Personnel Section, County Hall, Glenfield, Leicester. Tel. 871313.
(Please quote post reference).

UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION
requires
YOUTH SECRETARY
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WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD
Bowra Research Fellowship
Applications invited from persons under 46 for a one-year Bowra Research Fellowship (in any discipline) from October 1981. The Fellowship carries a supplementary stipend only.
Scholars on sabbatical leave may apply.
Further particulars from **Senior Tutor**, to whom applications must be submitted by **9 February 1981.**

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UKC STUDENTS' UNION

Accounts Assistant

Owing to retirement the Students' Union wish to appoint an assistant to work with its Financial Officer in the running of a busy finance department.
The successful applicant will have had substantial experience and or hold appropriate qualifications in bookkeeping and accountancy.
Duties will be varied but will include:

a) **Dealing with cash receipts and payments to individual students and societies.**
b) **Operating the Union's purchasing system.**

It is envisaged that the person appointed may advance to the position of Financial Officer to the Students' Union after several years of satisfactory service.

SALARY RANGE: £5,371 – £6,314 (Six steps)

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Letters of application with any supporting submission for appointment together with curriculum vitae with three referees should be submitted to:

The Union Secretary, Students' Union, Eliot Master's House, University of Kent, Canterbury, Kent CT2 7NW.

There is no set application form but further details can be obtained from the above or by telephoning **(0227) 65224.**

Closing date for applications ***2 February 1981.***

SECRETARY/PA for Director National Bureau for Handicapped Students. Good typing/shorthand essential. Hours 9-5 (flexible). Starting salary £4,500 p.a. 40 Brunswick Square, London WC1. Phone: Helen Ward 278 3459.

OV SELECTIONS CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

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NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. Details from: The Centre Party, 83 Donnington Court, Donnington Rd, London NW10 3TJ.

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PETER MALEPIECE. Made abortive calls to your Bournemouth No. My Adv. was Box 31. Send detailed letter & address.

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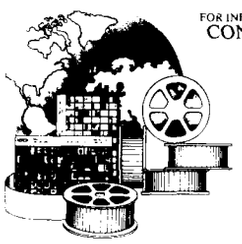

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Speakers include: **JOHN BERGER, JEAN MOHR** (Sat 14th)
plus **Jack Hill, Ian Carter, Griselda Pollock**

£3.00 whole conference, £2.00 for Sat 14th only, half price for the unwaged. Cheques payable to the Roehampton Institute. Tickets (in advance) and details from

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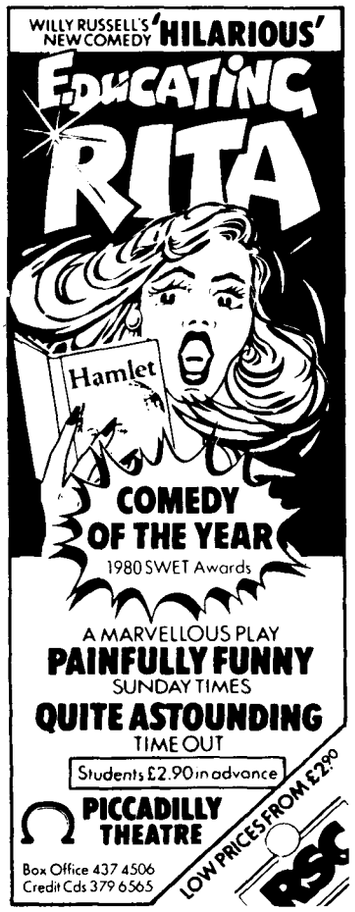
NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Olivier (open stage) Shaw's 'Man and Superman' (incl. 'Don Juan in Hell') 'Romans in Britain' (not suitable for children). Lyttleton (proscenium stage) 'The Browning Version'/'Harlequinade', 'The Elephant Man', 'Watch on the Rhine'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Nativity'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.



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"Very funny"
(Sunday Times)

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Please send scripts to the Company Secretary, J. R. Parish, St. John's College, Oxford

Conferences

ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUES in Trade Unions. A day conference on effective campaigning. 31 Jan., 11 a.m. Fairholt House, 102 Whitechapel High St, London E1. £1 from SERA, 9 Poland St, London W1. (01) 439 3749.

'FIGHTBACK': London Library Workers Co-ordinating Committee is holding a One Day Conference at the Library Association on fighting the cuts on 29 January. Fee £5.00. All library workers welcome. Details from the Secretary, Malcolm Fish, 38 St Stephen's Grove, SE13. Tel. 01-318 3528.

Meetings

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Meeting Wed. 21 January, 7.30 p.m. at Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Dr Carroll speaking on Human Rights and 'Voluntary Service Overseas'. All welcome. Further details: Helen Price 870 2233 (business hours).

'PEOPLE OF THE BARIO': ATV film presented by Caroline Moser on survival strategies of the urban poor. 19 January 7 p.m. 60p including refreshments. All welcome London Anthropology Society, Marylebone Institte, Marlborough Place, London NW8.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

ROY HATTERSLEY speaks at Labour Party Special Conference lunch-time meeting, Eurocrest Hotel, Wembley, 24 January. Organised by Brent & Camden Fabian Societies. Details: Mary Goudie: 01-435 6914. John Lovatt: 01-908 0169.

THEODOR HERZL SOCIETY, Hannah Karminski Hall, 9 Adamson Rd, NW3. Tuesday 20 January, 1981 8.15 p.m. Dr A. Marcus on 'The De-Legitimisation of Israel'.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sun. 18 Jan. 8 p.m. 'Cycle of Reincarnation'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Botany Theatre. 20 Jan. 'Are Jupiter and Saturn Failed Stars?' by Dr D. McNally; 22 Jan. 'Thriller'. Film directed by Sally Potter.

Eve of Labour Party Special Conference

MOBILISE FOR LABOUR DEMOCRACY RALLY

Friday, 23 January. 7.30 p.m.
Central Hall, Westminster.

Chair: **Joan Maynard, MP**
Speakers: **Tony Benn, MP. Ken Cameron, FBU. Eric Heffer, MP. Ian Mikardo, MP. Reg Race, MP. Arthur Scargill, NUM (personal capacity). Admission: 50p. Tickets in advance from**

Jon Lansman c/o 10 Park Drive, London NW11.

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